

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

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OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

—A Boston party wants to buy a house in Arlington. See advertisement.

—Scarlet fever is now quite prevalent in our midst, but most of the cases are of the mild form.

—The formation of local polo teams is talked of by some of our young men patrons of Utopia Club Rink.

—Now that the "Big Meadows" are frozen over, workmen are engaged cutting off the growth of wood.

—The boys and girls—and some older ones as well—have had fine sport skating on Spy Pond this week.

—During this week Chief of Police Mead has been busy gathering a record of the births during the past year.

—The pulpit of the Universalist church will be filled on Sunday by Mr. J. S. Cutler, of Tufts College.

—Mr. and Mrs. Milan R. Hardey, on Tuesday evening, started for Georgia, where they will spend the balance of the winter.

—Mr. E. Nelson Blake arrived in town from Chicago this morning. It gave us pleasure to greet him once more and see him looking so well.

—Owing to trouble with the heating apparatus there were no sessions of Cotting High school on Monday, Tuesday or Thursday.

—The stage rehearsal of Arlington Musical Society will be next Tuesday evening, at 6.30 o'clock. It was found impossible to arrange for any other hour.

—Everybody looks cheerful, in spite of the biting cold, because of the prospect of brisk business on Spy Pond in a few days. The gathering of a good crop of ice adds greatly to the material prosperity of all.

—Preaching services at the Unitarian church were omitted last Sunday forenoon, owing to the sudden and severe illness of Rev. J. P. Forbes.

—There is an eligible lot of land on Arlington avenue for sale at a low price. Apply to C. S. Parker, real estate agent, No. 2 Swan's Block.

—Rev. Mr. Seavey, of the N. E. Southern Conference, will preach in Union Hall, next Sunday morning, at 10.45. All are invited.

—At the social meetings of the Baptist church the coming months the Epistle to the Philippians will be considered. The pastor has prepared an excellent programme of the subjects, etc.

—The upper front rooms in Swan's Block leased by the Trustees of the Public Library, are to let. Apply to C. S. Parker, real estate agent, No. 2 Swan's Block.

—Ladies interested in the coming Grand Army fair will meet to sew next Tuesday forenoon, in Reynolds Hall, at nine o'clock. The committee hope all willing to assist will be present.

—Next Sunday Prof. Dorchester, of Arlington Heights, will supply the pulpit at the First Parish church. The pastor, Rev. J. P. Forbes, though improving, is still unable to be about, and Prof. Dorchester takes his place as a labor of love.

—All the seeds advertised by W. W. Rawson & Co., carrots excepted, are Mr. Rawson's own growing. The firm has hot bed mats for sale. The "Tennis Ball" lettuce seed is a specialty, and is worth a trial by every one growing lettuce.

—Mr. Harrison Swan has dissolved partnership with Mr. Nathan Fitch, with whom he has been associated many years, and formed a new one with Mr. George H. Valpey, to carry on the poultry business at the old stand, No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

—We are glad to learn that some of our young musicians, most of whom are already quite proficient, propose to organize a local orchestra. We know they will thoroughly enjoy the practice, and in a short time they can be ready to furnish pleasure by a public exhibition.

—The monthly concert at the Baptist church vestry, Sunday evening, was enjoyed by a large audience. The music was especially good, embracing male quartette (Messrs. Wood, Shepard, Allen, Parris), the church quartette, and solos by Mrs. Coleman and Mr. Steph. B. Wood, with other music by the school.

—In our Chicago papers we note the fact that Mr. E. Nelson Blake has again been chosen President of the Board of Trade, receiving 904 votes out of a total of 1003. The "bucket-shop" interests were opposed to Mr. Blake and his associates on the ticket, and formed a combi-

nation to accomplish their defeat, but the men nominated by them posted notices declining to serve in such a connection, so the "bottom dropped out" and left them stranded. The directors will continue their war on the bucket-shops with renewed vigor after this emphatic endorsement, if we are to judge from the tone of interviews published. Many here know how worthy is Mr. Blake of honors conferred by his fellow citizens of Chicago.

—The attraction at Utopia Club Rink, to-morrow evening, will be Miss Jessie Lefone, spoken of by those best qualified to judge as the most accomplished of all candidates for public favor in this line. Messrs. Russell had her engaged for their grand opening attraction, but yielded to a long engagement in New York. They now bring her before an Arlington audience to satisfy the very strong desire of the patrons of the Rink to see this young lady.

—The interlude at intermission of the Musical Society, last Tuesday evening, consisted in a well rendered base solo by Mr. T. Ralph Parris and an artistic piano solo by Miss Jennie L. Sprague. The attendance was large and the rendering of the choruses much better than on any previous occasion. The chorus will render its parts in the coming concert in an artistic manner.

—Next Thursday evening, Jan. 29, Rev. James Kay Applebee will deliver his second lecture in the Unity Club course, "Humbly and humbly," from the writings of Charles Dickens. Those who were charmed by his last lecture will be sure to attend this, to hear more of his analysis of the great novelist, and we advise all who would enjoy a literary treat to avail themselves of this opportunity.

—The citizens of Arlington owe to the ladies and gentlemen forming the Arlington Musical Society a generous patronage of their coming concert, as the whole effort on their part has been to cultivate a love for good music. The programme prepared is one of real merit, and we hope every lover of good music not already provided will purchase a ticket for this concert. A few of the best reserved seats in the house can yet be obtained of the committee.

—The clerk and treasurer has finished his work on the annual reports and they and the other department reports are now being printed. No country office can successfully compete with the Boston establishments making a specialty of this class of work. Three years ago we did the work at Boston prices, to show the capabilities of our office; but we have no desire to repeat the operation and have never made a bid since then. The value to us as an advertisement did not compensate for the pecuniary loss.

—On the afternoon of Jan. 15 a large number of Arlington people attended Prof. Geo. W. Blish's matinee at the Meionean, in Boston, because Miss Ida M. Brown, one of his most promising pupils, had parts in the programme. The entertainment was full of enjoyment and Miss Brown won fresh honors by her artistic rendering. She certainly deserves to succeed in her chosen profession. An accident, which we feel sure Miss Brown will excuse, prevented this notice from appearing in last week's issue.

—The following are the assignments of tables for the approaching G. A. R. Fair: Candy table, Mrs. Marden; Fruit table, Mrs. Geo. H. Thayer; Bag table, Mrs. Walter Russell and Mrs. Eliza Durgin; Post table, Mrs. Horace D. Durgin; Cashier, Miss Carrie Rugg; Arlington Heights table, Mrs. Swett; Supper Committee, Mr. Randall—cashier, Mrs. Alice Crosby; Ice Cream Room, Mrs. Geo. H. Rugg; Bundle table, Mr. James A. Marden, Mrs. Geo. L. Pierce.

OUR REPORTER'S WORK IN LEXINGTON.

—Some new tables have been added to the conveniences of Cary Library.

—The anxious hour has passed. Mr. Litchfield cuts ice to-morrow.

—The coasting on Concord Hill is a number 1. Have you tried it?

—The Debating Club voted at their last meeting not to hold a public debate.

—Mr. L. A. Saville can supply all wants in the line of first class groceries.

—Mr. Joy has been called to Nantucket by the "crookedness" of the treasurer of the water company of that place.

—Rev. C. A. Staples will deliver his sermon on "Sowing and Reaping," at Belmont, next Sunday evening.

—Memorial tablets are being placed on houses of historic interest still standing in Lexington.

—The snow and ice has put a stop to the work commenced by the water works hands on Hancock avenue.

—Among the visitors to the coming ice carnival at Montreal will be Mr. Moses Joy, who won medals as the last carnival.

—As the extra prayer meetings held since the Week of Prayer have been so well attended at the Baptist church, two more were appointed this week.

—A horse belonging to Mr. Hendley was frightened by the cars and tried to run away, but the effort was nipped in the bud by Mr. Glenn, before any damage was done.

—The Coffee party to be given by the ladies of the Baptist church will be held next Wednesday evening, January 28th, in the church parlor. Admission fee, 10 cents; supper, 25 cents.

—The vital statistics of Lexington for last year are as follows:—Births, 22 males 21 females. Marriages 23; both parties American, 13; foreign and mixed, 5 each. Deaths, males 20, females 18; over sixty 18; under ten, 5.

—Next Monday evening the third in the second course by the Unity Club will be given in the First Parish church by Rev. J. K. Applebee, on "Types of Womanhood," from the writings of Dickens. Single tickets for this lecture, 25 cents.

—On Sunday evening, at the usual hour, Rev. Benj. R. Bulkley, of Concord, will continue the course of Sunday evening sermons in the First Parish church, delivering a discourse on "The prospective of sin." All desiring to attend will be welcomed.

—The monthly concert of the Sunday school connected with Hancock church will be held in the church next Sunday evening, Jan. 25. The committee in charge are Mrs. G. H. Reed, Mrs. Hutchinson, Messrs. J. N. Ham and F. K. Brown. A cordial invitation is extended to the general public.

—Mr. Gustave Berger, who has earned so valuable a reputation in his business as a decorator and upholsterer, has formed a partnership with Mr. William Keissling, and broadened the scope of the firm by opening a shop at Concord. It is a pleasure to note the success of so deserving and faithful a young man.

—We devote quite an unusual space to the advertisement of the "Boston Branch Tea and Grocery Store," just opened in Robinson's Block, in place of Lexington Cash Store, with which our people are familiar. The new management propose to sell goods at Boston prices and are entirely refitting the store so as to meet the requirements of a large trade.

—The regular meeting of the Debating Club was held Tuesday evening. The question under discussion naturally proved interesting, for there has grown up of late years a deep interest in all that pertains to the subject of protection to American labor. The question was in the form of a resolution,—"Resolved, That the business of the United States will be more prosperous under free trade than by protection." Messrs. E. G. Emery and L. E. Bennink argued in the affirmative; F. F. Raymond and Mr. O'Connor in the negative. The debate was spirited and interesting, continuing until after 10.30 o'clock. The vote was two to one in the negative, showing our Debating Club is not a free trade organization, at least, whatever may be said of the merits of the debate. The discussion will be continued at a special meeting this evening, when members will discuss the subject. Mr. J. F. Hutchinson presided at this meeting, and Mr. Geo. Brown acted as secretary in the absence of Mr. Goodwin, who is confined at his home by sickness. The meeting of the Club will be held on the evening of February 3d.

—Independence Lodge No. 45, A. O. U. W., at a meeting held Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1885, the following officers were chosen:—Master Workman, Quincy Bicknell, Jr.; Foreman, Chas. F. Smith; Overseer, D. A. Dow; Guide, W. F. Glenn; Recorder, A. F. Gould; Financier, L. G. Babcock; Receiver, L. A. Saville; Inside Watchman, G. M. Litchfield; Outside Watchman, Geo. D. Estabrook; Trustee for three years, L. A. Saville; Delegate to Grand Lodge, Everett S. Locke; Alternate, L. G. Babcock. The lodge enters upon the new year with increased interest in the welfare of the lodge and with promises of continued prosperity.

—The concert at First Parish church parlors, of the Music Committee of the Unity Club, last Friday evening, was not what had been intended, because the storm prevented the attendance of several soloists. The new grand piano purchased by the Unity Club was used. The attendance was large, and they were more than entertained with solos by Mr. and Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Whiston; piano duet by Misses Alice Reed and Ida Rus-

sell; piano duet by Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Locke; and two choruses. After the concert a refreshment was served, and the balance of the evening was spent socially. The Entertainment Committee are preparing a programme for next Friday evening, Jan. 30.

EAST LEXINGTON

NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Our greenhouse is blooming.
Almost time to speculate, if nothing more, on the town reports.

Arlington Skating Rink attracts many of our people.

It is forty-five years last week since Dr. Follen died. We hoped that before the anniversary of his death occurred again the Legislature would have allowed our church to take its baptismal name, so that the present generation could show that his name is revered by them.

The examination of the Grammar school occurred too late for a report this week, but it will appear next week.

The reading room will be closed next week during the school vacation, as the supply of coal is not sufficient for the remainder of the winter.

There will be a party at the Village Hall, Thursday evening, January 29th. Tickets of admission 25 cents. Dancing tickets 25 cents; supper tickets 50 cents, for gentlemen and lady. The committee request all interested to contribute any kind of food and they will be at the hall to receive it.

The examination of our Primary school occurred Tuesday afternoon. The room was literally packed with parents and friends. The teacher, Miss Carrie Fisher, has labored faithfully for many years, and the parents have always given her their hearty co-operation. The little folks did remarkably well. The first class in arithmetic was examined by Mr. Brown, and we thought the recitation very excellent, considering the age of the scholars. All were pleased with the song of "The Clock" and the gymnastic exercises which accompanied it.

Mrs. Chipman, the metaphysician from Jamaica Plain, who lectured here last summer, has several patients in our village who feel that they are already benefited by her treatment. She will be in East Lexington every Wednesday from 10 a.m. until 3.30 p.m. She thinks that disease is a violation of the laws of nature, and urges her patients to believe that the grand principle of healing is the mind.

Ten of our people took a pung ride, Monday night, and had a jolly time. They stopped at Cambridge and refreshed the inner man.

Those who were interested in the success of the "Pink Party" wish to tender their thanks to Mr. Nathaniel Pierce, who so kindly cleared the snow from the sidewalk previous to the party.

Rev. Mr. Buck preached last Sabbath from John 1:9. He said our study here should be a study of religion,—to give a clear view of some phase of religion,—because we do not wish our religion to be a mere empty show. Is religion something to be nurtured in us, or does it spring up within men and bloom out like flowers under the influence of sun and rain? The conflict of ideas which has been waged so violently for so many years is not seen so much on the surface now. What goodness is it reasonable to expect in man, providing he has any goodness? Precisely the goodness that is in God; what is highest and best in man must reflect some image of his God. Pity, love and justice, as ascribed to God, must seem essentially the same when applied to man. The so-called children of nature are only examples of thwarted, dwarfed nature. Clearly that man is most natural whose nature is most fully developed. Who is the good man in the judgment of the people? It is he who is faithful in his sphere of duty, humane and kind in all his dealings. That is most natural which conforms to nature in her highest developments. When one chooses what is wrong, nature rebukes it and is wounded at the insult. In following impulses we follow unnatural courses, but a course of natural right living and right doing leaves no after-taste of sorrow. The son of righteousness came into the world; nature saw him and was glad. A man is a Christian who is Christ-like. This is a saving faith that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

The tablet committee have placed a memorial on the Harrington House, which bears an appropriate, concise inscription.

Last Thursday night, Mr. Geo. Wellington, in the south part, was visited by hen thieves. They came by an old road. The door was bolted top and bottom, but was lifted from the hinges by a "jimmy." They selected forty-three of the best hens and left a few not valuable.

We have received from the Associated Fanciers, 237 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, a copy of their Dog Buyer's Guide. It contains a finely executed colored frontispiece; well drawn engravings of nearly every breed of dog, and all kinds of dog furnishing goods. We should judge that the book cost to produce a great deal more than the price asked—15 cents—and would advise all our readers who are interested in dogs to send for the book.

HO! WINTER.

I.
Ha! Winter, ho! Winter,
King of the northern blast!
You meet us all, you greet us all,
With grip that freezes fast.
In regal robes you've gathered up
Your royal robes of snow,
And by their trailing men shall trace
Whichever ways you go.
Your grim retainers all, alack!
Make but a cruel train
Of biting sleet and stinging winds
And ice and frozen rain.
The rich with furs and blazing hearths
Your carnival may scorn,
While Mirth and Cheer will reign supreme
From wassail eve till morn.

II.
But ha! Winter, ho! Winter,
What about the Poor?
Who've no stronghold against the cold,
No bribe or sin secure
To set at bay the stinging day,
Or soften down the night—
Who note the thickening window-panes
With sinking hearts afraid—
Who draw their babies close and sing
Their shivering lullabies.
Then sleep and dream of steaming feasts
Their hunger-sleep supplies—
To wake at morn with shuddering sense
Of lengthened fast and cold,
And find that gaunt-eyed Want hath wrought
Its trace within the fold.
Ha! Winter, ho, Winter,
Hard your reign on these:
God pity such! and send warm hearts
To all who starve and freeze.
—Maria Barrett Butler, in the Current.

KARL BERGER'S PUPIL.

BY G. A. COPELAND.

Karl Berger went to Milan at just the right time. It had become quite the fashion to run down the Italian method of instrumental instruction, and to extol the method of their Northern compatriots. Karl Berger came. His name sounded like a German's, and he played music like a master, and that was all that was needed. Pupils flocked to him, and he set his own prices. Even the city itself, through its governors, agreed to place three pupils with him annually, at its own expense, as long as he should remain there. This was triumph enough to turn the head of a much older man, and Karl himself was only three and twenty years old. He sat in his room one night about two weeks after his arrival, smoking his big pipe with china bowl, and congratulating himself. Here was success indeed!

He wondered what his old teacher, the Herr Kapellmeister, would say to his success. He looked around the room, furnished as comfortably as most in the city, and felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that the plebeian Karl Berger was taking his ease in the very chamber where Cesar Borgia had once slept. His was a nobility as high as his ancient predecessor, he said to himself, and he laughed grimly, for the young Swede had but little respect for nobility, and the often spoke of his ancestors, the Berger Jarls and Vikings, as thieves and cut-throats.

While he sat musing, lazily watching the smoke curling up toward the blotched and crumbled, almost obliterated frescoes of the vaulted ceiling above, a servant brought in a note to "Ill Maestro Berger." The City of Milan informed his excellency, the Maestro, that the last of the three pupils had been chosen, and the pupil, the Contessa Lucia Vinella, would attend him whenever the Maestro would be pleased to receive her. Signor Berger scowled and shrugged his shoulders. He had already, in the short time he had been in Milan, heard several "contessas" play, and he had not been favorably impressed by their genius, and, indeed, it must be admitted that the ladies in question had a greater desire to see the handsome foreigner than to make any progress in music. He had forgotten that the three pupils were too poor to pay for their tuition and were therefore given their musical education by the charity of the city. However, he sent back an answer that he would give the contessa her first lesson at 3 o'clock the next afternoon, and then he took up his violin, and the contessa and Milan and success and the Kapellmeister passed from his mind, while the music soared in tremulous vibrations through the room.

The next day everything went wrong. He had yet to learn the patience necessary for a teacher, and the countless mistakes of his pupils, the jarring discords and the seeming stupidity rendered him nearly furious. At 3 o'clock the charity pupil, Contessa Lucia, was ushered into his presence, followed by an old woman, her escort. The contessa did not look very aristocratic in her dress. Everything she had on was cheap. In fact, except that her dress was neater and more tastefully arranged, it was about the same as the servants. The maestro was walking up and down the room with an ominous frown on his face. He wheeled around and looked at her.

"Well, Signora, what do you wish?" he said, crossly.

"I have come for my lesson, Signor," she replied, timidly.

He looked at his tablets.

"You are either too early or too late. There is a Contessa Vinella who comes now. But if she does not come—"

"I am the contessa, Signor," and she proceeded to unwrap her violin from its green covering, while the servant hobbled to the nearest chair.

"You came to amuse yourself in a dietante way on the violin?"

"I came to learn to play, Maestro; to be able to teach music some day. Who knows?" and she laughed a little nervously.

"Contessas don't teach music," he said, scornfully. "It is only poor plebeians who do that. Let me hear you play."

She nestled the violin on her shoulder, and, obediently commenced. The air was simple, a pleasant lullaby, in a minor key, soft and sad, which had been sung by many Roman mothers to their children. One of those airs, which, like the German Lieder, one finds among the people, its author and origin lost in antiquity, yet overlasting from its pathos and tenderness. The violin was fit to be the interpreter, an old Cremona almost

black with age. The music floated out from the five quivering strings. The girl, her eyes almost closed and her head bent forward, stood erect, playing. The old servant sat listlessly, caught by the music swaying to and fro, as if rocking some child, dead fifty years ago. Karl Berger stood frowning in the shadow of a curtain. What right had a contessa, a young girl, to play like that? What right had she to a violin which was so much better than his? The soft repeated strains came to an end, and the girl turned proudly toward him.

"It is a wretched piece, wretchedly played," he said, crossly. "You will never make an artist of yourself. It lacks soul, it lacks rhythm, it lacks everything."

These petulant words—words which the honest Karl Berger was ashamed of even while he uttered them—struck the young girl like a blow. Her face, proud and happy at her successful rendering of the simple peasant air, fell suddenly at this harsh verdict, and, girl like, she burst into sobs and left the room, while the servant stared stolidly at the fierce foreigner, and then rose and hobbled after the girl.

Karl Berger felt ashamed of himself and his sudden fit of anger. He took up his own violin, but it sounded harsh. He was cold and courteous to the pupils who came that afternoon, but he was glad when the day was over. They were lighting the lamps in the courtyard below when he looked out. He watched the servants as they put the lamps in their places, and after they had left he stood at the window looking absently down on the empty courtyard beneath, when he saw a figure coming slowly across the yard. He stepped out on the balcony and called to her, for he recognized the escort of the Contessa Lucia. When the woman had come up he asked her:

"Where does the Contessa Vinella live?"

"In this house, signor, with a relative. The contessa has no other friends and she lives here, but not in idleness, signor! She is too proud for that! She takes care of the house, and works like a servant. She has no friends but me; I was her nurse. She is too proud to go with others in the house. Even her relatives do not patronize her, and the servants are always very polite to her, and always obey her, but behind her back they laugh at her here, and call her the 'contessa of all-work,' and the 'contessa cook.' Her grandfather, the Count Vinella, had taught her music, and she worked so hard at it that she might earn her own living that way. Last week she won the prize at the conservatory, and the city was to pay her tuition with you. You should not have spoken so harshly to her, signor! I found her in her little room crying as if her heart would break."

Karl Berger ran his hands through his hair.

"I was wrong—very wrong. Will you tell her I said so? Ask her to come again, and I will promise to be fairer."

The next afternoon the girl came in.

"It was very silly of me, Maestro, to run away like that," she said; "but I want so much to be a good artist, and when you told me I could not—"

"Don't talk about it, please," interrupted Karl; "I was cross and tired, and, if you must know it, jealous," and he smiled grimly. "Yes, jealous, that you could play better than I."

Lucia flushed with delight.

"If you mean that—but no! You are laughing at me!"

"I mean what I said," replied Karl, determinedly. "I can teach you technique, perhaps; after that you have nothing to learn."

So it was settled.

One day, during the lesson, Karl said abruptly:

"Would you like also to study at night? My evenings are all my own."

The girl laughed with pleasure and cried: "Oh, Maestro, you are so kind."

So, after the work was done, Lucia would come in with Marcia, her old nurse, and after the lesson Karl would pick up his own violin and play. One night he stopped suddenly and said to her:

"I wish you would not call me Maestro. I am not a master in music. I am only a sham, and some day they will find it out. I am not much older than you and don't play any better. I want you to think of me as a fellow student, not as a teacher."

"What shall I call you, then?" Lucia asked shyly.

"Karl."

"That is a pretty name," said Lucia.

"It was my father's," and he went on to speak of his Northern home, of the snow-storm when all the family died but himself, and how he was found famished and senseless, with his violin hugged to his breast, and Lucia sat still and drank in every word. Then she told him of her own home and her past history. Each night after they laid their music aside they would sit and talk, and Marcia would sit and slumber quietly in her chair.

Soon the opera season commenced, and often the three would sit back in some little box which had been placed at Karl's disposal, and listen to the grand creations of the masters. A happy time for both. Karl was all gentleness to the little contessa, and the grim young Norseman commenced to find himself making jokes to amuse her. He made jokes—who had hitherto gone through life in his sober, solemn way—to make jokes! It was surprising indeed. They called each other Karl and Lucia, and sometimes brother and sister. So things went on, till suddenly Marcia fell sick. Lucia stayed by her bedside as much as her work would allow. The lessons must cease (till Marcia grew better, for she had no other chaperone, and of course it was impossible for her to go without one. The days seemed to drag slowly along, and the night-waiting began to tell on her. She grew paler and went about sad and musing.

As for Karl, the first time that Lucia missed her lesson he became rather angry. "She thinks she has learned everything, perhaps, and is through with me," he muttered.

He tried to feel injured and banish her from his mind, and for awhile he thought he had succeeded. When the long evening came and he found himself alone, he became restless and uneasy, and imagined himself only anxious that nothing might have happened to Lucia. He took up his violin, but soon put it aside, and then he went out to the opera-house. The prima donna was out of voice and

the orchestra vile. Coming home he met one of the servants.

"Where is Marcia?" he asked.

"Very sick, signor."

So that was it. He went gloomily up stairs and went straight to the mirror and began to apostrophize his image. "Maestro Berger, you are an ass," he said quietly. "However poor she may be, she is still contessa and you are only—Karl Berger," and he took up his violin and commenced to play. But with all his self-restraint he found the days very long and tiresome.

One night Lucia sat alone in the room when she heard Karl's violin. He was telling his story of love, unconsciously, to the one from whom he intended to hide it. As the girl sat there in the darkness, holding Marcia's hand, she felt strangely happy and quiet. Suddenly Marcia opened her eyes.

"Lucia," she said, "I am ever so much better."

The proud contessa bent over and kissed the wrinkled face of the servant and said, gravely:

"That is well; but you must sleep, Marcia, and not talk."

"Play for me, Cara," said the old woman, drowsily.

And Karl Berger heard suddenly from Marcia's room the answer to his violin's confession. Sweetly and softly it came to him at first, but soon it swelled out into full volume. It told all to him that was necessary. And when the girl ceased playing and sank back in her chair, blushing rosy red, there were two people in the house who were perfectly happy.

When Lucia awoke the next morning and found Marcia better and the heavens and the birds in harmony with her happy mood, the first thing she did was to kiss her violin, and when she had dressed and was coming down the stairs, singing like a lark, she saw at the foot Karl Berger, his face flushed and looking very happy, indeed.

"Tell me, little Lucia," he said, eagerly, "didn't the violin speak truly?"

"I don't know what she said, for I didn't hear it; but I do know that Milan was surprised to hear that very winter that one of its contessas had married a music teacher."—Washington Hatchet.

A Great Singer's Precautions.

On a damp, chilly afternoon this week, says a recent New York letter to the Boston Herald, I was in a Central Park restaurant. Simultaneously, two other riders sought the same succor from the wet diversion. They were Nicolini and his famous Patti; and you are wondering what the great singer could have to present her in a new phase, considering how many columns have been filled with descriptions of her personality. The fresh point which this view enables me to make concerning the only woman in the world whose wages are thousands of dollars per day was the care which she took to keep herself from damage. Without her voice, Patti would be a handsome little matron of forty, but of no public value. Therefore, her very consequential throat was wrapped round and round with a silk scarf, which she removed on getting into the house. On the way from the carriage she had held a handkerchief to her mouth on saying something, so that no raw air should reach her vocal organ. Her feet in Arctic overshoes, her ankles in baby-like legging, and her mantel enveloped her figure from neck to hem. But the oddest protection against catching cold was a wad of cotton in each ear.

"She must have had earache," I said to a physician who makes a specialty of throat diseases, who has some of the grand opera singers for patients, and of whom I subsequently inquired on the subject.

"Not at all," he replied; "she seldom goes out of doors in winter without plugging her ears. It is a strange fact that the vocal cords are susceptible to the slightest chill entering through aural passages. There isn't any affectation in Patti's extraordinary precautions. You wouldn't marvel at the fiddler who owned an old treasure of a violin, and carried it in cotton for fear of breakage. Isn't it sensible, then, for a prima donna to guard jealously the only voice she's got?"

I judge, however, that Patti's stomach is composed of sterner and not less able stuff, for the beefsteak and onions that she washed down through her rarely sensitive throat with a bottle of ale were astonishing in quantity.

An Oyster Whips a Duck.

A rough-and-tumble combat between a wild duck and an oyster occurred here the other day. The duck was a large and full grown one that had recently come down from the north to enjoy our winter climate. It was of the diving species, which inhabit the bays till the spring, when they return north. When the oyster feeds it opens its shell wide till the full oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vise, the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal heat had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's beak.—Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller.

Concerning the Camel.

The camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel twelve to fourteen days without water, going fourteen miles a day. They are fit to work at five years old, but their strength begins to decline at twenty-five, although they live usually until forty. They are often fattened at thirty for the butcher, the flesh tasting like beef. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000. The Timbuctoo breed is remarkable for speed and used only for couriers, going 300 miles in eight days with a load of dates or grain at nightfall.

SENATE DOCUMENT ROOM.

A BUSY DEPARTMENT OF CONGRESS IN THE CAPITOL.

The Place Where Senatorial Bills and Documents are Filed Away—How They are Kept in Order.

A Washington Hatchet man had occasion to go into the Senate Document Room the other day and was so struck with the busy and peculiar scene presented that he naturally felt to pumping Captain Thomas H. McKee, the assistant superintendent. He said it was one of the most complicated departments of the Senate, or House either, for that matter.

This branch has been presided over by many men of peculiar fitness and ability, said Captain McKee. "It is very complicated and requires great experience to assure fitness. 'There is a mass of bills and documents here,' continued he, 'and it requires a good deal of book-keeping and not a short memory to keep people in humor. The bills presented in Congress up to the last year aggregated 99,614, of which 61,108 were introduced in the House and 38,506 in the Senate. But it is only a small item of the work to keep run of the bills, as the miscellaneous and executive documents, together with committee reports of the two Houses, form one of the most composite and varied collections of literature, history and statistics to be found in any portion of the world.'"

"I should think it would require great effort to keep in hand this complete mass, and yet be able to find any given bill, document or report?" the Hatchet remarked.

"It requires five clerks, but it is done," replied Captain McKee. "I have given the work four years' study, two years of which were in the House, and Mr. Smith, the superintendent, has been here twelve years."

"Do you not receive many peculiar requests?"

"Oh! yes. Very many people simply ask for a report, or document, or bill, without mentioning the number, Congress or session, or even the correct title, when in fact, there are two or three hundred of the same kind of documents, and they wonder why we cannot hand them out. Again, some give the title without naming the number or Congress, and the same title, you see, may apply to a bill, an executive document, or miscellaneous document, or a report of a committee, and that of either House."

"What can you do in such cases?"

"Well, we have very many ways of working out these difficult problems. It is a kind of instinct that exercises and tells us better than they, what is wanted."

"Are you not annoyed by those who want documents?"

"No, for the great portion who call know what they want. The great difficulty with this class is, however, they generally want too much. There are many professionals who call, but they usually have private claims pending, are quiet and easily satisfied. There is a Mahomedan here with a private claim who is a crank. He calls every few days to see if there is not some new document issued in his case. Then we have a number of lady callers. They are usually undemonstrative and not so exacting as the gentlemen. A few of them, though, who are playing the role of lobbyist, are nuisances. They would bore the man in the moon by their questions and importunities. A few days ago, one of these lady lobbyists came into the document room and requested that we give her a copy of her bill. We inquired for the name in the bill and were given a name commencing with W. I examined over six thousand pages of index matter, and informed her that no such bill had ever been before Congress. Then she asked me to try another name beginning with R, and again I carefully examined the index matter, but without finding any such name. I then asked the nature of her claim, and upon being informed, I cited a claim. It commenced with A. 'Oh!' exclaimed she, 'that is the one I meant all the time; that is my claim!' I had spent just two hours of hard searching of old, musty papers, and to my utter disgust was informed that a claim which I could have found in ten seconds, was what was desired! It came near trying my patience; but we must be patient, you know."

"From what source do you receive the greatest number of calls?"

"Clerks and messengers from committees, then agents and attorneys. The latter give us much trouble, and are about the most ungrateful of all who call. They seem to think the Senate is under special obligations to support a document-room with its complement of files and men to keep them supplied with all they want—several copies of everything issued."

"Do Senators make many calls?"

"Yes, and they are peculiar to one branch of the work. They usually want a precedent for some proposition, or the complete history of some act. This requires special work. Superintendent Smith is a specialist in this branch of the work. His methods are as peculiar to his success as are those of Pinkerton or Davenport in working up a complicated case of crime. In his absence this branch of the work falls to me, and I assure you it tells upon the brain and nerve, it being the most laborious of all the duties. The Senators are the most industrious of all public men."

"The newspaper men come often?"

"They come and go at will. We have special arrangements for them, and I must say it is a pleasure to wait upon them. They are the most practicable of all in the use of documents. They take a document for what it is worth, and not because it is given to them, merely. No, we have no holidays. Our work is on the order of perpetual motion. It never stops."

"There is almost a train load of all sorts of public documents in the document rooms of the Senate and House, and they number away up over the hundreds of thousands. It requires a good many active minds to keep them in order to be plucked out at a moment's notice."

The value of the coconut as food is as yet but little understood. An instance of its use is found in the experience of two shipwrecked sailors. They were seven years on an island where their only food was coconuts and an occasional flying fish. They retained good health, and gained in weight.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A superstitious notion prevailed among the ancients that those who were stricken with lightning were honored by Jupiter, and therefore to be accounted holy.

A Boston man has a sleigh which is claimed to be the lightest one in the world. It weighs thirty-eight pounds, and its frame is made of hickory and steel.

Buffle was the name of a punishment of infamy formerly inflicted in England upon recreant knights, one part of which consisted in hanging them up by the heels.

Descending into the bowels of the earth it is found that the temperature increases at the mean rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet. At this rate water is at a boiling pitch at a depth of six miles, while at a depth of sixty miles the hardest rocks known to geologists are in a fluid or melted state.

An English electrical journal has discovered the following popular fallacies concerning lightning, viz.: That chewing the splinter from a tree struck by lightning will cure the toothache, that such splinters will not burn, that the bodies of those killed by lightning shock do not corrupt, and that no one is killed by lightning while asleep.

The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can completely manoeuvre in it. Twenty thousand wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, and it exhibits remarkable engineering skill in the architect.

The question as to the habitability of the planets has lately been discussed with much ability by Professor McFarland. His conclusions are, that the four large outer planets have not sufficiently cooled down to allow life on their surface such as is seen on the earth; that Mars gives all telescopic and spectroscopic probabilities of conditions compatible with life as we see it; that the earth certainly for millions of years has been covered with multifarious life; that in respect to Venus and Mercury, no certain evidence or knowledge presents itself, and that the satellites are manifestly not fitted for such life as the earth exhibits, the moon, in particular, having no water and no atmosphere.

The husks upon which the Prodigal Son fed, are not, as the reader is apt to imagine, the husks of maize, that is, of Indian corn. They are the fruit of the Kharub tree, and from their shape called in the Greek little horns. From the popular notion that they were the food of John the Baptist they are called St. John's bread. Dr. Thompson describes them as "fleshy pods somewhat like those of the honey locust tree from six to ten inches long and one broad, lined inside with a gelatinous substance, not wholly unpleasant to the taste when thoroughly ripe. I have seen large orchards of the Kharub in Cyprus, where it is still the food which the swine do eat."

Healthy Sleep.

I think we may safely say that every one requires six hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and very many men and women, not to mention fools, require even more. Certainly, too much sleep is harmful; but too little is vastly more so. I would let each man regulate his hours of sleep by what he feels are his real requirements; always urging him to avoid the suspicion of laziness, to take into consideration the bed he lies upon, and to watch the effect on his health of any system of sleep he adopts. If you get up when you first wake, providing you have had six hours of sound, refreshing sleep, you can scarcely get wrong. But make sure of your six hours' minimum, and be wonderfully suspicious of the necessity for further sleep, as it is apt to become, not necessity, but indulgence. Wellington could sleep at any moment; Baron Bunsen could sleep for half an hour at any time in the midst of his studies, awaking refreshed, and resuming his work with increased vigor. A blessed gift this; such a faculty, combined with that of early rising, is as good as a fortune to a capable man, or, indeed, to almost any man. Sleep is heaviest in the first few hours, gradually becoming lighter, and probably disturbed by dreams, as time wears on, until a slight noise disturbs us, or our rested system resumes full work of its own accord. Everybody knows that in dreaming part of the brain is awake and at work, while the other part is asleep—as much as the brain can sleep; at all events, exercising lessened function. It is therefore obvious that dreamless sleep is most useful, as dreams are evidence of work by some part of the brain, detracting from perfect rest.

A very important factor in securing healthy sleep is the kind of bed we lie upon. Feather beds I cannot commend; indeed, luxuries—and this is an undoubted one—are not to be sought by him whose aim is perfect health and strength. A spring mattress is very excellent, and the harder your couch, to be comfortable, the more likely are you to secure healthy, refreshing sleep, not unduly prolonged. It is a difficult matter to rise early from a feather bed, difficult to awake in a reasonable time, and more so to leave its warmth and cosiness in winter. But the luxury must be sacrificed to the more healthful influence of the mattress. The clothing should be light and warm; and I cannot but recommend the sheet of paper placed between two blankets as being very warm, for paper is a poor conductor of heat. You get warmth by this means without undue weight of clothing. Then your bedroom must be well ventilated, for you require to take in an extra stock of oxygen during the night to help out the supply for the day. You will sleep too much if the air is impure.—Leeds Mercury.

Faith in One's Self.

Queen Elizabeth once said to a courtier: "Those succeed best in this life who pass over it quickly; if we stop we sink." This saying might oft be repeated, and with profit, too, if oftener practiced. Life being short, we should make the most of it while it lasts. Let one trust himself, let him exert his capabilities to the fullest extent, and sooner or later success will be his. To fail is absolutely impossible, if a man is fully determined to succeed and has an established purpose in view.

WISE WORDS.

Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

The family and friends of the drunkard should be protected from the shame and dangers of his drunkenness.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

Let us begin our heaven on earth; and, being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.

Teach self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

The most influential man, in a free country, at least, is the man who has the ability, as well as the courage to speak what he thinks when occasion may require it.

Man is continually saying to woman, "Why are you not more wise?" Woman is constantly saying to man, "Why are you not more loving?" Unless each is both wise and loving, there can be no real growth.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit; and it is doubtful if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

The gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, gentle and yet irresistible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain, is like love that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power.

How Stage Waves are Made.

A New York letter to the Chicago Herald says. When Kate Claxton played her last engagement here I went to see her in "The Sea of Ice." Kate is the greatest shiverer on earth. For many years she was the frozen twin in "The Two Orphans," and the duty of nightly tremors at one time threatened her with St. Vitus' dance; but the public won't have her in any other condition than a quiver, and, therefore, she took up the arctic melodrama when a new play was requisite. The chief scene, as you may know, puts the desperate heroine on a cake of ice floating in mid-ocean. It was exceedingly realistic. The ague of the actress was most violent, and in order to increase the realism a rear door to the stage had been opened to let in a cold draft to chill the audience. The water was undulous in inky waves under the fitful light of a clouded moon, and the section of iceberg on which Kate unsteadily maintained herself lifted and swung on the heavings of the vasty deep. Suddenly she lost her balance and stepped off the ice into the brine. Smothered exclamations of dismay told how thoroughly the spectators were thrilled, and they seemed rather disappointed that she didn't sink instead of performing the miracle of walking on the water. Then came a cry from her immediate locality, but not from her own lips, and directly a man came down the aisle to Dr. Taylor, the physician of the dramatic fund, who sat beside me.

"A boy is hurt, doctor, and will you please come in?" he said.

I accompanied the physician to the stage. The curtain had not fallen, and the waves still tumbled Kate's chunk of ice terribly. But a more appalling disaster presented itself in the rather badly crushed fingers of a weeping urchin.

"How did it happen, sonny?" Taylor asked.

"I was one of de waves," was the reply, "an' de crib, rocked onto me hand."

What did he mean? The explanation was at once visible. The curtain went down, and from under the painted canvas water crept out a dozen lads. They had been engaged in agitating the sea by resting on their hands and knees and alternately humping their backs like angry cats and dropping down on their stomachs like crawling alligators. The unstable and exciting cake of ice was a painted box with rockers, and the injured boy being the waves in closest proximity, got his hand under it. The illusion of polar scenery on the stage is lost to me forever.

A Railroad Magnate.

In a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer Mr. George Alfred Townsend reports as follows a conversation which he had with one of the best informed railroad men in New York, whom he does not name.

"Whom do you consider the first railroad man in the United States?"

"We rather look at C. P. Huntington as at the head of the American railroad system. He entered the field late, escaped the general misfortunes of the Union Pacific railroad, to which his company was the complement, and with its earnings he has built a complete railroad system from San Francisco nearly to Mexico, and thence across the desert and Texas to New Orleans, and he has finished his railroad from Hampton Roads to Memphis, and is thought to be the controlling spirit in the new railroad from Memphis to New Orleans. Therefore, he is the only American who controls a line from ocean to ocean."

"Where is Huntington's home now?"

"In the city of New York. You see, he owns the American line of steamers from New Orleans. In this line there are probably as many as thirty steamers. They are all American vessels, built at Wilmington, Del., and well adapted for their purpose. A branch of this steamship line runs to Vera Cruz. Huntington also has steamship facilities from New York to his initial railroad point at Newport News. I would not be at all surprised," said my friend, "to see Huntington one of these days complete his railroad system to New York city. He has married the widow of one of his railroad officers, and has just bought her a very expensive piece of ground on Fifth avenue, New York. He delights in paintings, and is a pretty good judge of them, while a modest man in his claims to artistic knowledge."

Romance of a Senator's Son.

"I was surprised to read in the *Post* a few days ago that Charles S. Voorhees, the son of the Indiana Senator, is the Congressman-elect from Washington Territory," said a well known young Detroit lawyer at the Michigan exchange last evening. "The surprise is due to the difference between his present position and his situation when he was a resident of Detroit."

"When did he leave here?" asked a *Post* reporter.

"In the spring of 1881. He was here several weeks, and I'll wager he will never forget his Detroit experience, especially as it included his marriage to a Detroit girl."

"Tell us the story."

"The paragraph in the *Post* stated that young Voorhees played Hamlet once, and once only, some years ago, at an Indianapolis theatre. But that was not the only time he appeared on the stage. He was thoroughly stage-struck and joined John McCullough's company, coming here with that organization. He played minor parts and overacted them to an extent that caused him to be gazed by the audiences. Voorhees asked McCullough if the latter thought he would ever become an actor, and McCullough told him he would never become a great one. He was a proud fellow, and immediately left the company. He had no money, and to obtain means exchanged his clothes for a shabby genteel suit and some money at Van Baalen's pawn shop, and engaged board at Mrs. Clark's, whose house is above Grand River avenue. An acquaintance brought Voorhees to me, thinking I could aid him in obtaining employment on one of the Detroit newspapers. I took him to Mr. Quimby, of the *Free Press*, who thought Voorhees was an impostor and would have nothing to do with him. Then I took him to an afternoon paper publisher, who told the Senator's son to write a sample article and submit it. Instead of writing on a local subject, Voorhees constructed a gushing love-story, and was told that that style of literature was not what was wanted on the paper. That ended the attempt to make a newspaper man of him. After this failure I saw nothing of Voorhees for several days. One evening the door-bell at our house rang, and when it was answered Mr. Voorhees and a lady were admitted. He astonished me by presenting the lady as his wife, having just been married by Father Van Dyke. The lady was a Miss Buebe, a pretty French girl, who was boarding at the same house, and with whom Voorhees had become smitten. A brief courtship resulted in the marriage, Miss Buebe having sufficient faith in and love for the young man, in spite of his impetuosity and failure to obtain employment. The newly-married couple passed the evening with us, the walk to the house and back to the boarding-place making up their bridal trip. Getting married did not improve the young man's financial condition, although I don't know as it hurt it any, and after standing the strain as long as he could he was compelled to apply to his father for assistance. It came at once, and in accordance with Senator Voorhees' directions the ex-actor and his bride went to Washington. I heard nothing of him until I read of his election to Congress, and, as you can well imagine, the news surprised me. It illustrates the marvelous change four years will make in an average American's life. It seems funny to think that the man who was poverty-stricken and unable to obtain work in Detroit in 1881 is in 1884 a member-elect of Congress."

Detroit Post.

The Direction of the Wind.

That the changing of the direction of the wind is due to the shifting of the situations of greatest heat upon the earth is substantially proved by the fact that in certain regions of the terrestrial surface, where the situations of the greatest heat and cold do not alter the direction in which they lie to each other, the wind does not change, but always blows in the same direction from one day to another, and all the year round. This occurs in the great open spaces of the ocean, where there is no land to get heated up by the sunshine of the day, and to get cool by the scattering of the heat at night. In those spaces, for a vast breadth of many hundreds of miles, the sun shines down day after day upon the surface of the sea, heating the water most along the mid-ocean track which lies most immediately beneath its burning rays as it passes across from east to west. This midway track of the strongest sunshine crosses the wide ocean as a belt or zone that spreads some way to either side of the equator. Throughout this mid-way track the cooler and heavier air on either hand drifts in from the north and from the south, and then rises up, as it becomes heated by the sun, where the two currents meet.

In both instances, however, in consequence of the spinning round of the earth, the advancing wind acquires a westward as well as an equatorial drift. The air current as it approached the mid-way equatorial zone, where the onward movement of the sea covered surface of the earth is performed with the vast velocity of 1,000 miles an hour, does not immediately acquire this full rate of speed, and lags back upon the ocean, so that it appears as a drift toward the west as well as toward the equator. On the north side of the equator the wind blows all the year round from the northeast, and from the south side from the southeast, both in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. These steady and unchanging ocean winds are called the trade winds, on account of the great service they render to ships carrying merchandise across these portions of the sea. In sailing from England to the Cape of Good Hope, through the entire length of the Atlantic ocean, ships, before they reach the equator, have to pass over a broad space where strong winds are always blowing steadily from the northeast. That is the region of the northeast trades. They then traverse a space near to the equator itself, where the northeast winds cease to blow, and where the air is very still and calm, and they afterward come to a region to the south of the equator, where strong winds are continually blowing from the southeast. That is the region of the southeast trades. — *Science for All.*

Over five thousand patents on charms already been granted by the government.

Farming in Norway.

A correspondent of a London paper writes: Of the one hundred and twenty-three thousand square miles which Norway contains, only three thousand five hundred are pasture, and only nine hundred and eighty are under the plow. The consequence is that not only corn, but also butter and meat, have to be imported in large quantities. From what has been said it will be inferred that the country is more pastoral than agricultural. Yet one sees very few cattle when passing through the country in summer. The reason is that at that season, as in Switzerland, the peasantry drive their cattle up the mountains and themselves live in "saeters," or picturesque huts of solid timber. Much of the agriculture in Norway is of the most primitive character, small wooden ploughs, held by boys and drawn by men, being still commonly used in many parts of the country. The principal crops grown are oats, barley, rye and potatoes. Flax and hemp are also successfully grown in southern parts. The chief grain region is the valley of Lake Mjosen, where the growing of wheat has sometimes been attempted, but not with marked success.

The hay crop, though by no means heavy, is widely diffused, and it is gleaned in what would generally be deemed impossible places—on narrow ledges a thousand feet above the sea and in deep valleys where there is very little sunshine. The hay is dried in a peculiar fashion. It is not spread over the field, but is hung out, as in some parts of Switzerland, on fences or hurdles. Rows of posts are set up in the fields, and from these lines of cord or wire are stretched at a distance of one foot or eighteen inches from one another. On these lines the hay is hung, and it remains there in wet weather as well as dry. In wet weather the moisture drips to the ground. In fine weather the sun beats on the outer layers and the wind passes through the interior, and whatever the state of the weather the hay is left there till it is ready to be housed.

The hay is transported from the upland regions by a novel contrivance known as the "hay telegraph." A rope or wire, sometimes one thousand feet in length, slopes down from the top of a precipice to the bottom of the valley. A bundle of hay is suspended from a ring through which the rope or wire passes, and is shot down to the bottom with lightning speed. Bundles of brush-wood and fire-wood are sent down from the higher ground in the same way. The scythe generally used in mowing the hay is much smaller than that in use in England. In the Valdres route, however, near Odnaes, I noticed some attempts at what would be called scientific farming. In one field a mowing-machine was at work, and in another the hay had been spread out in the English fashion and was being turned over by a revolving rake drawn by a horse. Both machines were evidently of recent importation, and attracted the attention of the natives much more than of the foreigners. Whatever may be said of the Norwegians, it must be admitted that they are ingenious in devising contrivances which at once save their labor and take full advantage of the peculiar conformation of their country. Their timber-shoots are another instance of their laborious ingenuity. They make wood-ways and slides which extend over hundreds of feet from the tops of the hills to the seashore.

Mexican Hats.

A passenger in a coach from the West one night recently, writes a Fort Worth (Texas) correspondent, when he boarded the train out on the plains, brought in and carefully deposited in the drawing-room on one of the cushions, a \$50 Mexican hat, stiff with silver thread embroidery and encircled by a heavy silver cord. He was A. J. Adams, who, only twenty-eight old, is able, out of the profits of his New Mexico ranch, to indulge in the luxury of a \$50 hat, but purely as a piece of interior decoration for an Eastern friend's house. Sheriff Warner, of Mitchell county, who, with Millionaire Gregory, of Chicago, was admiring the hat, said that General Valdes, when an exile from Mexico, had with him a hat that cost \$600, and a California saddle that had cost \$2,300. Both were heavily embroidered with gold and silver lace, and the general was very proud of them. "It's a common thing," he added, "for these Texans to wear hats that cost from \$15 to \$25. In fact, a cowboy's hat and saddle cost more than the whole of the rest of his outfit. The boys get these big hats from the East, where they are manufactured, although they are never worn. A silk hat is as uncommon out here as one of these sombreros is on Broadway."

These big hats are the best hats in the world. They are warm in winter, and a shade in summer. The Texans are very particular about the broad brims. They will touch nothing with a brim narrower than three and a half inches, and they want often a hat that is five and a half inches in width of brim. These hats last four or five years, and some cowmen have a superstition about them if they have good luck while they own them, and after they have worn them a long while, they will send them on and have them cleaned and wear them several years longer.

Many men here have made all their fortunes under one hat. There are not only economy and durability as reasons for the custom, but there is health in them. Have you ever seen a bald headed sombrero wearer? Then the color, too, which varies from a light dun to a buff, prevents reflection from the sunlight.

"Why are Mexican hats so expensive?"

"They are made by hand. Unlike the Texas sombreros, they are made of wool carefully prepared, and each one of these costly hats represents several months' labor. This hat, you will see," he added, as he rubbed his hand over the peak, "is as soft as a new-born baby's cheeks. This silver thread is laid on by women, who are careful to mix it together. It gives the brim a curl, and it keeps the tiny sugar loaf in the center stiff. This pattern is very simple, but you will see the cactus, the palm, and the Mexican grapes picked out in gold and silver on many of the hats. The true Mexican will invest his all in a fancy hat and clothe the rest of his body in dirty rags."

"A Winter's Tale"—"I want a seal skin escaque." — *Detroit Star.*

FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

PLANTING AND HARVESTING EAST-ERN OYSTER BEDS.

How the Oyster is Cultivated—Enemies of the Bivalve—Baling Oysters to the New York Market.

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of large rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island sound. Formerly the northern beds were almost wholly kept up by restocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake bay and the Hudson river, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds of any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way: A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a sale holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered, or on newly prepared ground, as the case may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year and sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favor of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay, and are called sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point, and the East river. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use.

Down on West street, a few blocks north of Canal street, a little fleet of oyster boats, packed together like sardines in a box, may be seen any day delivering their cargoes. How one ever gets out is a profound mystery. The boatmen themselves say it often takes half a day to get one clear of the fest. They are small, single masted, and each carries a jib. They vary in length from thirty feet to forty feet. They cost between \$500 and \$2,000 apiece, according to their size and the manner in which they are fitted up. There are also a great many steam tugs engaged in the business. Each boat usually carries five men. The wholesale dealer, who have their houses upon rafts along the dock, own or have an interest in most of these boats. One dealer will often own a number of sail boats, or an interest in several, and perhaps a number of tugs as well. There are, however, many boats that are owned by the men who sail them. The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with an oyster tong and dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredges are an iron rake in two sections. It has a bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from one thousand to six thousand, according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a water-logged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, culling and cullellines. Some of the dealers open the oysters they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The opener gets \$1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from three thousand to six thousand a day. — *New York Sun.*

The Brain a Scrap-Book.

What is the brain but a scrap-book? If, when we are asleep some one could peep in there, what would he find? Lines from favorite poets, stray bits of tunes and snatches from songs, melodies from operas, sentences from books, strange meaningless dates, recollections of childhood, vague and gradually growing faint, moments of perfect happiness, hours of despair and misery. The first kiss of childhood lovers, the first parting of bosom friends, the word of praise or the word of blame of a fond mother, pictures of men and women, hopes and dreams that came to nothing, unrequited kindness, gratitude for favors, quarrels and reconciliations, old jokes, and through them all the thread of one deep and enduring passion for some one man or woman that may have been a misery or a delight. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

The clock weight in Trinity church tower, New York city, is the heaviest in America. It takes two men over an hour to wind it up.

The Uses of Glucose.

At the request of the commissioner of internal revenue of the United States a committee of the National Academy of Sciences was appointed, consisting of professors of University of Philadelphia, Yale college, Columbia college, Harvard college and John Hopkins university, the purpose being to scientifically investigate the various products known as glucose, grape sugar, maltose, etc. The committee found that glucose is made from many things besides starch and potatoes, such as "from leaves, straw, rags, chips, twigs, and residues from breweries, distilleries," etc. The following, which we take from their report, shows to what use glucose is put:

Both glucose and grape sugar find extensive applications for a great variety of purposes as substitutes for cane sugar or for barley. The most general purposes for which glucose or starch sugar is used are:

1. For the manufacture of table syrup. This consists of a nearly or quite colorless glucose, with a sufficient addition of cane sugar from the sugar refinery to give it the flavor and appearance of a highly-refined molasses. The quantity of cane syrup added varies from two per cent. up to thirty-three per cent.

2. As a substitute for barley malt in the brewing of ale or beer. This is really a substitution of Indian corn for barley, but it constitutes a very important substitute, as the corn, by the treatment employed in extracting its starch for conversion into glucose, is completely deprived of all the nitrogenous bodies and mineral salts which it originally contained. Hence the glucose alone, which is simply transformed starch, is substituted for the entire barley grain, with its great variety of valuable constituents. This is not true, however, of the maltose produced from the entire corn by the action of the malt. This material contains all the soluble constituents of the corn, together with the additional substances which are rendered soluble by the action of the diastase of the malt.

3. As a substitute for cane sugar in confectionery.

4. For the adulteration of cane sugar, to which it is added to the extent of twenty or more per cent.

5. As a substitute for cane sugar in canning fruits and in the manufacture of fruit jellies.

6. For the manufacture of artificial honey. This is neatly put up in glass jars containing a small piece of genuine honey comb.

7. In the manufacture of vinegar.

8. In the manufacture of liquor-coloring, used in mixing liquors and making artificial liquors.

9. Other more limited applications: in the manufacture of wine; by the baker in making cakes; in cooking; in the preparation of sauces; as an addition to some canned meats, especially corned beef; in the preparation of chewing tobacco; in the manufacture of printers' rollers, and in the manufacture of some kinds of inks.

The demand for glucose and grape sugar for these purposes is extremely variable, and depends on the relative prices of corn and of the articles for which this kind of sugar is substituted, especially sugar house syrup and barley. — *National Druggist.*

Escaping a Lover.

A celebrated judge, on riding up to a tavern, was surprised to see the landlord's daughter, a girl of eighteen, put one hand on the fence and leap over it. "Do that again, my lass, and I'll marry you!" said the judge, possessed by some whim such as row and then seized the most staid of men. The girl, without a moment's hesitation, again put her hand on the fence and jumped back again.

The judge was as good as his word; for in a year or two there was an old-fashioned wedding at the old tavern. Mrs. Barbauld, upon whose "Early Lessons" and "Hymns in Prose" our grandmothers were brought up, once jumped up a tree to escape a too-persistent wooer. When a girl, she was noted for her lively spirit and bodily activity. She could climb and jump as well as the boys of her father's school.

Her gymnastic feats and the roses on her cheeks made a deep impression upon a rich farmer. He called upon her father, Dr. Aiken, and begged him to consent that the youthful Letitia—she was but fifteen—might become a farmer's bride. "Go and ask yourself," answered the doctor, pointing to the young lady, who was walking in the garden. He went, pleaded his case, and was refused. He remonstrated, urged, and became so importunate that Letitia climbed up a tree by the garden-wall, dropped into the lane, and left her suitor, astonished at her singular way of running from a lover.

The disappointed man lived and died a bachelor. He was not a reading man, and was never known to purchase any book but "The Works of Mrs. Barbauld," which, elegantly bound, adorned his parlor during life. — *Youth's Companion.*

Making Pictures Under Difficulties.

An artist for an illustrated newspaper thus describes his difficulties during the Franco-Prussian war: "Of the trouble I have taken to get these sketches you can have no conception. The plan I have been obliged to adopt is this: I walk about quiet, apparently noticing all the goods in the shop windows. When I see anything I make memoranda on small bits of tissue paper, perhaps in a cafe, or while appearing to look at the water at the top of a bridge, or on the side of an apple, with a big knife in my hand, pretending to peel it. These little mems I roll up into pills, place them handy in my waistcoat pocket, to be chewed up or swallowed if in extremis. When I get home at night, first making sure that I am overlooked by way of the window, I unroll these little pills, and from these mems make a complete outline on a thin piece of white paper; then paste these sketches face to face, trim the edges, and it looks like a plain piece of paper; but hold it up to the light and the sketch shows. So I make memoranda all over it—the times of trains starting, prices of articles, or extracts from newspapers. When I get to a place of safety, I soak these pieces of paper in water, pull the sketches apart, and from them have made the sketches I have forwarded to you."

Paste it in your hat that people of the highest position and greatest importance, as a rule, make the least trouble.

HEALTH HINTS.

When a splinter in the eye cannot be removed bathe in cold water and bandage loosely, so as to keep the eye as quiet as possible until the surgeon arrives.

When a fishhook has entered any part of the body cut off the line, file off the flattened end and pass the hook on through the flesh as you would a needle in sewing.

In frost bites use gentle friction in a warm room, using enough cold water to prevent too rapid reaction and consequent pain in the affected part. If very severe a physician should be called, as gangrene may follow.

Children are apt to shove up their noses small bodies of different sorts, which may cause serious trouble unless soon removed. This may be affected by vigorously blowing the nose or by repeated sneezing, produced by snuff, or by tickling the nose with a feather. If these fail a hairpin may be carefully tried.

When persons have fainted lay them down with the head as low as possible; loosen the clothing; keep back crowding that would interfere with plenty of fresh air; sprinkle water over the face; apply hartshorn to the nose, and if too long in recovering consciousness place heated cloths or plates over the stomach.

Croup attacks children at night, and is distinguished by a peculiar barking sound. One of the earliest symptoms is hoarseness. Apply hot water to the throat for fifteen or twenty minutes with a sponge or hot cloth, and give powdered alum mixed with syrup in half-teaspoonful doses, repeated every twenty minutes until vomiting takes place. Keep the child warm, so that sweating may be induced.

Earthquake and Plague.

"Earthquakes are by no means rareties," said a scientist to a Cincinnati *Enquirer* reporter. Professor Fuchs, the eminent scientist, kept account of them during our centennial year, and counted 104. In January he found ten, February ten, March fourteen, April eight, May seven, June seven, July eight, August five, September seven, October fourteen, November five and December nine. In 1875 he counted ninety-seven; so it would seem that every few days there was a disturbance of some kind. Perhaps you know that "Italians lay the plague or cholera they are having to the earthquake at Ischia, and among superstitious people in general you will find that an earthquake is always the forerunner of some terrible event. There would certainly seem something in it by referring to Chapel's list, in which the plague is found to follow many great earthquakes. I have it here:

A. D. 30—Earthquake in Judea, in which 10,000 persons perished, followed by a cattle plague.

A. D. 17—Earthquake in Asia, twelve cities destroyed, followed by the plague.

A. D. 70—Earthquake at Rome, accompanied by a plague, of which 30,000 inhabitants died.

A. D. 145—Earthquake, accompanied by a plague, at Rhodes.

A. D. 166—Earthquake, inundations and plague at Rome.

A. D. 261—Great earthquakes at Rome, in Africa and in Asia; at Rome and Greece five thousand deaths daily from the plague.

A. D. 333—Salamis destroyed by an earthquake; simultaneous appearance of the plague in Asia.

A. D. 558—Earthquake during ten days at Constantinople, followed by the plague in that city.

A. D. 615—Great earthquake in Italy, followed by a terrible pestilence.

A. D. 683—Violent storms in Italy, and fearful plague.

A. D. 823—Earthquake at Aix-la-Chapelle and in Saxony; storms and plague in Germany.

A. D. 843—Earthquake in Northern France, followed by a violent cough (probably pneumonia,) of which many persons died.

A. D. 1032—Great earthquake in the East; virulent plague in Armenia and Cappadocia.

A. D. 1068—Earthquake in England, followed by great mortality among men and animals.

A. D. 1085—Earthquake and plague in Western Lorraine.

A. D. 1097—Great flights of meteors, followed by great mortality.

A. D. 1277, 1321 and 1352—Numerous storms and exceptional mortality in France.

A. D. 1348—Earthquakes and showers of blood; thirty-six German cities destroyed, followed by a pest which lasted three years.

A. D. 1370—Similar perturbations and disease at Florence.

A. D. 1397—Earthquake and epidemic at Montpellier.

A. D. 1401—Violent tempest and plague at Florence.

A. D. 1403—Extraordinary tempest in Thuringia, with a simultaneous appearance of the pest in Saxony.

A. D. 1440—Earthquake and plague in Carniola.

A. D. 1456—Tempests, earthquakes and plague in Italy; 50,000 victims.

A. D. 1531—Violent earthquake, followed by the plague, at Lisbon.

A. D. 1607—Numerous earthquakes, storms and epidemics in Europe.

A. D. 1647—Great earthquake, with immense disaster, at Santiago; plague and snow during three days.

A. D. 1730—Violent earthquake, followed by the plague, at Santiago.

A. D. 1783—Several shocks of earthquake at Rome, followed by diseases of different kinds.

A. D. 1798—Great flight of meteors and many pestilential maladies on the continent.

A. D. 1831—Earthquake at Amboyna, sulphureous fogs and typhus.

A. D. 1839—Earthquake at Amboyna, accompanied by a violent epidemic.

A. D. 1845—Third earthquake at Amboyna, coinciding with a fresh outbreak of the epidemic.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

Paste it in your hat that people of the highest position and greatest importance, as a rule, make the least trouble.

BENEATH THE EARTH.

When I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more!
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?
When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make—
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake!

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay—
Will there be one still on that spot reaping
Lost hopes all day!
When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—
ing—
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all!

When no star twinkles with its eye of glow
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned,
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Facing it round?
It may be so—but this selfish sorrow
To ask such need—
A weakness and a wickedness, to borrow
From hearts that bleed
The wallings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart!
And, though my bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

—William M. Thuermer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The beautiful's no—A belle's frigid negative.

If silence be golden dumb people ought to grow rich. — *Siftings.*

Remembering the poor is well enough; but it is much better to give them something. — *Picayune.*

The ice man may not be much of a skater, but he is able to make fancy figures on ice. — *Boston Post.*

"I must shake off this bad habit," said a tramp, as he gazed at his tattered coat. — *New York Journal.*

When a trotting horse dies it is always one day after his owner was offered a fabulous price for him. — *Free Press.*

Contempt of court—The way the old man feels when his daughter's lover flatters into the small hours. — *Boston Star.*

The camel is the only bird we yearn to hear warble after listening to a man learning to play the violin. — *Fall River Advance.*

An exchange asks: "Will the coming woman work?" That will depend upon how lazy her husband is. — *New York Journal.*

"Reporters, like poets, are born." The writer might also have said the same of shoemakers, tailors and grocers. Most men are usually born. — *Graphic.*

"The wicked stand on slippery places. The righteous speak, and on the pavement, like a weight of wool, set down." — *Merchant-Traveler.*

A poet sings: "I miss you my darling, my darling; the embers burn low on the hearth." It's an awful thing not to have a wife around to attend to the fire. — *Call.*

"I would like to treat—" began a Congressman, one day last week, and then all the other Congressmen grabbed their hats and adjourned the meeting by a rising vote. — *New York Dispatch.*

She held my heart in a willing thrill, She held my ring on her finger small, She held my respect, this maiden young, And she also knew when to hold her tongue. — *Boston Courier.*

When you hear the old veteran with a head like an oyster bowl, telling the old story of the weather back in the twenties, you perceive that, in spite of the progress of invention there has been no improvement in lying worth mentioning. — *Lowell Courier.*

"A person can do anything on these roller skates that is possible to do on the ice," explained the attendant at the skating rink the other day. "Yes, I believe that is so," replied a bystander. "I knew a man to break his nose the other day." — *Statesman.*

Science marches steadily forward with the torch of progress, clearing up the mysteries of yesterday, and bringing those of to-morrow dimly into view; but she stands pausing in all her efforts to make out what it is that chews off the brim of a boy's hat. — *Chicago Ledger.*

"Here's a whole ball of twine," said the irritable old gent to his musical niece, "and now I want a stop put to this thing of setting down in the parlor bull horns at a stretch, raising the neighbors, yelling about 'The Lost Chord.' She is now learning a new song. — *Merchant-Traveler.*

Taken at His Word.

It was one of the genus tramp. He knocked at the door of a house, and when a kindly-looking woman opened it he said:

"Madam, I am very hungry. I have had nothing for a week back."

"Why, you poor soul," said the good woman, "wait a moment and I'll find something for you."

And she gave him an old porous plaster, and closed the door before he had finished thanking her. — *Free Press.*

Our powers are limited. No one ever saw the whole of anything, however simple it may appear; and the more complex the object, the smaller the fraction that we behold. If we but realize this fully, it will go far toward dispelling prejudice and broadening our outlook.

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Drifting.
Nothing in life is quite so easy as drifting. It requires no effort, is only a yielding to surroundings,—a trusting to luck for a desired outcome, and has no terrors for him who has no thought as to the ending of the voyage. "The lame and lazy are always cared for." "A man has only to throw his burdens down and others will carry them." These are proverbs, and one can see illustrations which seem to prove their truth, as applied to the individual. But communities often have a disposition to drift, and however true the proverbs may be as applied singly, with masses they surely fail.

Is this drifting a characteristic of this town? Are our people content to let things drift until some sudden tip or jolt from hidden snag or boulder shall start them from a lethargy? Seen from our office window it seems so. Here we are upon the eve of our annual election, and who are they that are looking to see if the voyage has been a prosperous one or whether we are now in a safe position. Things here are not just what we might wish, neither are they what the lovers of good order profess to desire and economy in town affairs demands.

We call attention to this matter now because prevention is better than cure. As the careless drifter is sure to be unjust to those around him when aroused to a sense of danger, so communities are overbearing and tyrannical when they set about reforming abuse that have crept in because the mass of citizens were unmindful of their duties one to another and to the town as a whole.

Success in life depends on "pulling hard against the stream." Wealth, honors and good of every name lies up the stream of life,—against the world's drift and tide, and that community approaches nearest to the ideal where every citizen takes a lively interest in the haven it is desired to reach and bears a hand to move it forward against the thousand and one adverse influences that would hold it back or draw it down.

Perhaps we are mistaken in our estimate of affairs. If so, no harm will have come from this friendly hint; but we believe there are scores who need to be aroused to the importance of taking a personal interest in town affairs, and it is for this reason we have asked the question, "Is this town drifting?"

The causes which combine to make "hard times" are numerous and are beyond the control of combinations of business men or the helping power of governments. But nearly every sufferer because of them owes his or her deprivations to liquor. The total abstainer saves means during prosperous times to tide him over the hard places. The drinking man squanders his earnings on that which only reduces his power to earn, and as soon as he is out of employment becomes a burden on some one. Were the millions squandered in drink saved and put to legitimate uses, we question if "the good time coming" would not have dawned.

Francis Gould Post 36, G. A. R., and Relief Corps No. 43, have completed arrangements for a grand five days fair in Town Hall, Arlington, so as to be able to announce as the dates the last five days in February. The money secured by the last fair has been largely drawn upon by calls that have been met in the spirit with which the money was originally given and we are confident this effort to do good to and for others will be seconded by a generous public. By a unanimous vote of the committee, nothing of a lottery nature will be allowed. This commendable action of the committee ought to be recognized by a generous purchase of the season tickets and whatever means of help to the enterprise any may possess. The tickets are now ready.

We find the tone of all the business men we have met the past week to be decidedly hopeful as regards the spring trade. More than that, we think there is a general preparation for an increase of business.

The February number of Baby Land has a handsomely illuminated cover, and its pages are full of good things for the dwellers of baby land.

Helped by Correction.

Every thing indicates that the Republican party has been benefitted by the disaster attending it in the late Presidential contest, that it is coming up head first, exactly as it went down, and nothing more clearly than the recent nominations for the high office of U. S. Senators. A party is wrong side up when such men as Lapham and Miller are chosen to represent the great Empire State, and the nomination of such a man as Hon. Wm. M. Evarts to the senatorial office first to be vacated indicates the end of the reign of small men whose only qualification for leadership is a lot of money and an intense desire to stand in the place of leaders.

Mr. Evarts will enter upon his senatorial duties somewhat late in life, as he will reach his 67th year next month. He was born in Boston, received his education at the Latin School and at Yale College, and has been a member of the New York bar more than forty years, and most of that time in the enjoyment of a large and lucrative practice. He has been for many years one of the leaders of the American bar, and one of our most distinguished speakers. He was for a short time a member of Andrew Johnson's cabinet, and was Secretary of State during the administration of President Hayes. Few men have entered the Senate so well known to the country or from whose senatorial career the public has expected so much, and his selection will be a cause for congratulation to those who hear or read the debates in that body.

Not all of our readers will agree with us that the state of affairs in the Keystone State is as gratifying as that in New York, but we believe the vindication of Cameron by his almost unanimous election for another term is as truly a sign that the day of small men in the Republican party is ended for a time.

The special number issued by the Waltham Record when it would "record" the inauguration of the new city government, was an exhibition of enterprise not at all surprising to those who have watched the course of that paper, and yet, as compared with itself and its contemporaries in other cities, it was quite remarkable. Containing portraits of Mayor and other officers, addresses, and all the details of the grand event, besides an illustrated article on the chief industry of the new city, it will be a valuable document for future reference as well as eagerly sought for present use. Typographically it was also excellent.

Last year in Massachusetts only eighty-six towns and nineteen cities voted to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and yet the preposterous statement is persistently made in public, that the sentiment of the State is in favor of license. The saving power of the State, its conscience and high moral instincts, lie outside the great centres of population. They, with their concentration of wealth and power, wield an undue influence in the matter of legislation on this vital subject. Newton, Malden, and Somerville are the anti-license cities. In thirty towns the people were unanimously in favor of prohibition.

The annual meeting, social reunion and dinner of the Massachusetts Press Association will be held in Boston on Tuesday, Jan. 27th, at the Revere House, where they have been so often and so satisfactorily entertained. The business meeting will be held at 11 o'clock, the social reunion at half past 12, and dinner will be served at 2 o'clock. At the table after-dinner talks from guests and journalistic brethren will be in order. The exercises will also be enlivened and interspersed with the usual variety of literary and musical talent. At 7.30, through the courtesy of the proprietors, Messrs. Tompkins & Hill, the association are invited to the Boston Theatre.

How thoroughly the Southern states are reconstructed is well indicated by the filibustering of members from that section on Tuesday when a vote on the bill to retire Gen Grant was reached in the House. Various tests have shown a considerable majority in favor of such a measure, but no majority obtainable is strong enough to defeat these filibustering tactics, and it is unlikely that any measure looking to this most just action will be passed by the present Congress.

Although the fifth masquerade by Arlington's Six Odd Associates does not come off until March 4th, the committee are busy with their preparations, and most of the details are now settled. A novel feature will be the concert by the orchestra, from 7.45 to 8.30 o'clock, at which time the grand march will take place.

The Boston Journal publishes the list of New England parties interested in the French Spoliation Claims which now go to the Court of Claims for adjustment. Two Arlington parties are interested in these claims—Mr. Samuel A. Fowle and his travelling agent, Mr. A. Gooding.

Legislative Notes.

The business of both branches so far has been largely confined to the committee rooms, the sessions of Senate and House covering but a few moments each afternoon.

Mr. Chappelle has been given the seat Mr. Prince has occupied since the organization, the investigation showing the former entitled to be the representative from the Ninth Suffolk District. Mr. Rantoul changed seats with Mr. Prince, (one that was quite desirable) just before he withdrew, leaving Mr. C. to occupy his undesirable one in the outer row. Mr. Champelle contests this transfer under a rule of the House, proving his title to the champion contesting member.

Proper notice of the death of representative Devenport, by eulogies and adjournment on Monday.

The President has made an excellent appointment in naming Col. Carroll D. Wright as chief of the National Bureau of Statistics. Massachusetts will not lose his services, however, as he will only go to Washington to put the new bureau in running order on the plan that has proved so valuable in this State. It is creditable to Col. Wright and to Massachusetts, that he should be selected for this important work, which is sure to be well done.—Lynn Item.

Watertown has voted to sell to the city of Cambridge the tract of land desired for cemetery purposes, and consents to the annexation of the tract (about 19 acres) to Cambridge. The consideration is \$15,000, a decidedly better bargain than Arlington made when a portion of her territory was desired for a similar purpose.

Hon. A. W. Beard comes to the front once more as chairman of the Republican State Committee. The election was made unanimous, and the committee seems to be harmonious in all its relations. The time for internal strife seems to have passed.

The past week has been remarkably cold, even for this season. The indications this morning are that a warmer wave is approaching.

AT THE ARLINGTON RINK.

A party complimentary to Bethel Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F., will be given on the evening of Friday, January 30.

Miss Jesse Lefone will be the special attraction of to-morrow evening. This is the first time any other than a Wednesday evening has been tried for a special bill. The desire to see Miss Lefone is general.

Miss Bessie Gilbert was the attraction last Wednesday evening. It was unfortunate, both for her and the management of the Rink that the Alumni party occurred the same evening, as the audience was small. As a cornet soloist Miss Gilbert is certainly remarkable, considering her age, and there is in her execution and tone the promise of one of the most brilliant of cornet performers. Her selections were heartily applauded, and she responded to an encore in two instances. She does not profess to be a skater, but she moved gracefully in march and waltz movements to her own music.

The grand calico party is named for next Wednesday evening, and it will probably be one of the most attractive and enjoyable gatherings yet had. The full details appear in our advertising columns.

The Cotton High School enjoyed another complimentary party this afternoon.

Hereafter the Rink will be closed on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Grand Calico Party next Wednesday evening. Clamp skates to most elegantly dressed lady and gentleman; monthly ticket to most comical.

A "Bouquet Party" is talked of for Feb. 4th.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

A representation of a Japanese Wedding will be given at the West Medford Congregational church, Wednesday evening, February 4th, at 7.45 o'clock. The ceremony, costumes and invitations will be in true Japanese style. Invitations, fifteen cents.

The difference between a town and no town was never, perhaps, more noticeable than on Friday afternoon, January 16th. Having occasion to go over to Arlington from West Medford, we found, down to High street bridge, almost no path through the light snow that had fallen. As soon as the line had been passed there was a well-ploughed path all the way to Arlington Centre. When Brooks becomes a town, we expect to see an improvement in this as well as some other respects.

One of the strong reasons why West Medford desires a separation and a new name will be found in the following list of the rate of taxation on \$1,000 for the last few years:—1877, \$14.50; 1878, \$16.00; 1879, \$14.40; 1880, \$15.00; 1881, \$15.60; 1882, \$17.60; 1883, \$16.80; 1884, \$19.60.

The meeting called last Friday evening, January 16th, to take steps toward forming a singing club, to be under the conductorship of Mr. Willis Clark, was well attended considering the weather and the state of traveling, over sixty being present. A very pleasant evening was passed and some discussion was had in relation to the object which had called them together, and it was decided to defer making any permanent organization until to-morrow (Saturday) evening, January 24th, at 8 o'clock, when it is hoped the weather will be favorable and a larger number be present. All indications now point to a successful series of rehearsals.

Work on the new railroad station has been at a stand-still for some time, but this week it has been resumed and will no doubt be continued until the station is completed.

Since the publication of the notes in last week's issue, it is understood that a tower is to be added. Some of the buildings occupied by R. K. Carpenter, the granite worker, have already been removed, and the remainder will be soon, doubtless.

The lecture on "Electric Lights and Kindred Topics," by D. P. Richards, Esq., in the Congregational vestry, on Tuesday evening, was quite interesting, and was illustrated by a number of experiments. The method by which sounds are transmitted through the telephone was plainly explained, also the manner in which the tones of the human voice are registered, retained and reproduced by the phonograph. Mr. Richards is thoroughly conversant with his subject, but only a comparatively small audience were present to listen to his elucidation of that mysterious power known as electricity now being applied to so many different objects as a motive power.

A very sad, and what proved in its results a fatal accident, occurred at the residence of Mr. Henry Dunster, on Sunday evening. A gentleman by the name of Batchelder, about seventy years of age, in some strange manner fell from the top of the second flight of stairs, through what is called the "well," to the ground floor, a distance of about thirty feet. The fall caused a fracture of the skull, the collar bone and of three ribs, one of which penetrated one of his lungs. He vainly tried to speak, but it is not probable that consciousness ever fully returned, as he was kept under the influence of narcotics until his death, which took place about twenty-four hours after his fall. He was taken to Providence for burial on Wednesday. Conjecture as to how the fatal fall occurred seems to be in vain, for it is not likely it will ever be certainly known. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Dunster, with whom he has been stopping for some time.

Arlington High School Reunion.

The annual party of Cotting High School Alumni Association was held in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, proving by far the most brilliant gathering of the season, in this neighborhood. Both wings of the platform and the gallery were filled with interested spectators, while the nearly one hundred couples on the floor almost crowded it with an array of grace and beauty of face, figure and dress. Edmand's orchestra (6 pieces) furnished most charming music, and the floor manager and aids (Messrs. T. Ralph Parris, H. B. S. Prescott, J. A. Bailey, Jr., Geo. H. Cutter, Harry Hornblower) were both efficient and attentive. At intermission a refreshment was served of cake and ice cream, and at the close of the dance, which was at one o'clock, a horse car conveyed the out of town participants to their homes. Among the many attractive toilets worn by the ladies, we note a few of the more striking appearing that evening for the first time. A lovely dress of light lavender cashmere with white lace arranged across the front of skirt and about the corsage, made in the Watteau style, was highly becoming to its wearer, Miss A. Shattuck; Miss Holt wore a striking costume of cardinal satin and black lace; Miss Kate Green a richly embroidered white cashmere, and Miss M. Robbins, a stylish toilet of white surah silk and lace with bunch of ostrich tips worn on the corsage; the Misses Bailey handsome costumes of garnet satin, and also Miss A. Lawrence in navy blue satin, Miss M. Hill, black satin brocade in garnet, and Mrs. Pettigill rich dark toilet of satin; Miss A. Morton, in lilac cashmere and lace, Miss N. Robbins, in a combination of ecrú silk and cardinal satin, and her friend Miss Williams in embroidered muslin, with broad lilac sash ribbon; Mrs. Fred Hicks, becoming toilet of pink cashmere trimmed with narrow satin ribbon; a dainty toilet of blue cashmere with dotted gauze overdress of white with turquoise ornaments was worn by Miss C. Chapin; Miss M. Wells, lavender cashmere and beaded lace with black fan and gloves; Miss Wellington cardinal cashmere trimmed with white lace; Miss L. Proctor, toilet of white cashmere and lace; a lovely toilet of pink cashmere and white lace was worn by Mrs. Phinney; Miss J. Smith, combination of robin egg blue silk, crimson velvet and white lace; Miss Marion Pessenden in a pink cashmere, with corsage bouquet of red roses; Miss Hodgdon in a dainty pink dress and Miss Burditt in white cashmere. Many rich toilets worn on previous occasions were noted and not a few past-graduate toilets, looking as fresh as ever; also, many dainty toilets of white and tinted cashmeres, lacking nothing of their pristine beauty; but we have confined our list simply to those worn for the first time on this occasion, as to enumerate the toilets of all present would require too much space. We congratulate the management on the signal success of the party.

The Art Interchange, of Jan. 15, contains a set of the most beautiful fan designs ever published for painting upon satin or silk. They are six in number. One shows a butterfly design for gauze fan, an exquisite composition. Another design of birds and dogwood blossoms, is a unique design. A third fan has a charming design of clematis for the front and a graceful spray of blackberries for the back. The most brilliant fan of all when painted will be a design of roses with a cobweb background. These six designs are in black and white, ready for tracing on a sheet 36x48 inches. Nothing equal to them was ever offered for fan painting. Price 15 cents. Wm. Whitlock, Pub., 140 Nassau St., N. Y.

Probably no paper ever met with such a quick and generous recognition as has been accorded to Texas Siftings, the great humorous and literary weekly. It is now published simultaneously in Austin, Texas; New York, N. Y., and London, England, and is credited with a circulation of 100,000 copies. It is an 8 page 48 column paper, and contains every year more than 1,000 original illustrations and cartoons. Its good stories and humorous sketches are unexcelled. The publishers, being desirous of increasing its already large circulation, are offering extraordinary inducements to subscribers. The subscription price of Siftings is \$2.50 a year. For \$2.50 the publishers will send the paper one year and also any one of the following premiums; for \$1.50 they will send the paper six months, and, free, any one of the following premiums; for only \$1.00 they will send Siftings for three months and any one of the following premiums: Premium No. 1—A cloth bound, 608 page dictionary, with 700 illustrations. Premium No. 2—A cloth bound 512 page book, "What Every One Should Know." Premium No. 3—The National Standard Encyclopedia, 700 pages, 20,000 articles, and over 1,000 illustrations. Premium No. 4—Three books for ladies. Premium No. 5—Heavy gold plated watch chain. Premium No. 6—Ladies' plated set ear rings and pin. Premium No. 7—Thirty complete novels and other works, paper bound. An improved sewing machine, improvement on those sold for \$45, will be given to any one getting up a club of twenty yearly subscriptions. An imported china tea set (44 pieces) will be given to every one sending a club of eight yearly subscriptions. Besides this, every subscriber gets whichever of the above premiums he or she may select. Fifty other valuable premiums for club raisers to select from. Address, Texas Siftings Publishing Co., New York, for full illustrated premium list and sample copy of Siftings.

Deaths.

At Arlington Heights, Mass., at one o'clock Sabbath morning, January 18th, of scarlet fever, Marion Chandler Hutchins, daughter of Charles and Charlotte E. Hutchins, aged 7 years, 9 months, 17 days. [The family desire to express sincere thanks to the great number of friends who have given them their sympathy and their prayers.]

UTOPIA SKATING CLUB, ARLINGTON.

G. W. RUSSELL, - President.
J. H. RUSSELL, - - Treasurer.

Hereafter the Rink will be closed
Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 27,
GRAND

Calico Party. TWO PRIZES.

The long anticipated Calico Party will be given next Wednesday evening, and will doubtless prove as attractive as any of its predecessors. The prizes will consist of pair of Clamp Skates for the most elegant costume, monthly ticket for most original—gentlemen and ladies alike.

Wednesday, Feb. 4th. Grand Bouquet Party. MUSIC

four evenings and Saturday afternoons. Special childrens' session Saturday forenoon, from 10 to 12. Admission and use of skates, 15 cts. ORDINARY ADMISSION. Afternoon 15 cts.; Children 10 cts. Evenings 25 cts.; Five tickets for \$1.00; Children 15 cts.; Eight tickets for \$1.00. Skates to Club Members, and non members who are acceptable to the Directors, afternoon or evening, 15 cts.

To buy a house in Arlington, 7 to 16 rooms, with from 8,000 to 10,000 feet of land, good location, 10 minutes' walk, or less, from depot, for a small American family. Will pay from \$3,000 to \$5,000. Address, Box 186, Arlington, Mass.

ATTENTION! FLOUR! FLOUR! CASSIUS M. HALL, GROCER, Pleasant Street, ARLINGTON.

I take pleasure in announcing to the residents of Arlington, the arrival direct from the mill of a large invoice of the celebrated brand of

"WHITE ELEPHANT" HAXALL FLOUR.

For which I have the sole agency of Arlington.

Also remember our Westphalia Hams and Boneless Bacon, Table Prunes in glass jars and by the pound.

S. P. PRENTISS, Teacher of Piano, Organ, Violin and Harmony. WILL CONDUCT CHORUSES AND SINGING CLASSES. Pleasant Street, Arlington.

The Annual Meeting OF THE Middlesex Agricultural Soc'y Will be held in Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk street, Boston, SATURDAY, January 24th, 1885, at 2 o'clock, P. M. W. H. HUNT.

Rye Straw For Sale. About two tons First Quality Rye Straw, stored in barn on estate of the late Newell Frost. Enquire of Mrs. E. A. FISHER, Arlington Ave.

United States and Canada EXPRESS.

Having bought the business and good will of the Express formerly owned by Brooks & Co., run between Concord and Boston, we shall continue to run the same and with all our extra conveniences shall be able to serve the public better than they have ever been served. We have secured the services of A. FOSTER BROOKS in the Arlington department, who will try and accommodate our patrons. Orders left in his box at the depot will be promptly attended to. Our messenger runs on the following trains: IN TRIPS—8, 9.35 A. M., 1.19 P. M. OUT TRIPS—9.30 A. M., 12.20, 1.35, 4.20, 5.45 P. M. Packages received by our agent in Arlington to be forwarded to Boston and from there to some distant town by our express, the charges will not commence until they leave our office in Boston. To the patrons of Arlington—Hoping by strict attention to business and to the wants of the public I shall merit a share of your patronage. Very respectfully,
A FOSTER BROOKS,
Agent for the U. S. & Canada Express.

LEXINGTON GRAIN MILL. WHITCHER & MUZZEY, Mill and Elevator adjoining Town Hall, Main St., Lexington. Grain, Hay and Straw,

of best qualities, in any desired quantity, delivered promptly in Lexington and vicinity, at the lowest market prices.

LUMBER, of all grades and dimensions to suit. Estimates on plans and specifications furnished promptly. Building materials of all kinds supplied. Also, agent for Bradley's Fertilizers. Telephone 6236. B. C. WHITCHER. G. E. MUZZEY.

DAVID MCKENZIE Expressing & Jobbing FURNITURE MOVING

a specialty. Office, Monument House, Lexington. All order left at office or residence on Muzzey street will be promptly attended to. A conveyance will leave Lexington at 9 o'clock, each Sunday morning, to meet the horse car arriving at Arlington at 10.30; also leave Lexington at 4 o'clock, on Sunday afternoons, to meet the car arriving at 5.50. Fare to and from Lexington, 35 cents; East Lexington, 25 cents. nov. 7-3m

WILLIAM DENHAM, BLACKSMITH. SHOP OPPOSITE CENTRE STATION, LEXINGTON, MASS. 20 July.

First Class House to Let. CONTAINING TEN ROOMS, GOOD REPAIR, MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Possession given at any time. Enquire, T. H. RUSSELL.

FOR SALE. For sale, Farm of 30 acres in North Lexington near Station; also, farm of 17 acres, 11.3 miles from Centre Station; also, two houses in Lexington Centre. Apply to L. A. SAVILLE, Main street, Lexington.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers. Absolutely safe. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

C. H. DRUMMOND NEWSDEALER, Lexington, adjoining Town Hall.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY, FRUIT, Christmas Cards, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO. AGENT FOR THE CAMBRIDGE LAUNDRY. 7dec-14

GUSTAVE BERGER, Upholsterer and Decorator,

Manufacturers of G. Berger & Co.'s Patent Folding Window Cleaning Chair, Main St., near Town Hall, Lexington, Mass. Upholstering, Decorating, Scotch Heliand Shades with spring fixtures, in all styles and colorings made to order, a specialty. Carpets made and laid. Mattresses and all kinds of bedding made and made over. Picture frames made to order.

Russell House, LEXINGTON, MASS.

JAMES F. RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR, Now offers superior accommodations to families looking for Fall and Winter board. Its rooms being large and arranged in suits, with all modern improvements, and a table of the highest grade, it unites the attractions of a city hotel with those of a suburban resort. 7nov-14

ONE MILLION Copies will soon be sold—Twenty Years of Congress—by James G. Blaine. The only history of our government from 1861 to 1881. Hon. John S. Wise, M. C. from Va., says: "Whoever takes it up, no matter whether he be Mr. Blaine's friend or enemy, will never put it down until he has read the whole." \$2.00 per month paid good responsible agents. Apply at once. THE HENRY HILL PUB. CO., 5dec-6w Norwich, Conn.

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

Fresh Stock, Clean Goods and LOWEST PRICES. full line of

Mens & Boys Fancy Slippers for the HOLIDAYS.

Ladies Fine Boots—all styles. Misses & Childrens School Boots—all kinds and prices. Rubber Boots and Arctics. Every thing found in a first class shoe Store. Call and see us at the old store Savings Bank Building. Arlington Mass. L. C. TYLER.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. HAILLET BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

CURE without medicine. Hill's Genuine Magneto Electric Appliances have no equal as curative agents. Prices \$1.00 to \$6.00. Physicians use and prescribe them in their practice. Cures Nervous Headaches, Nervous Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Weakness, Kidney Troubles, Constipation, Nervous Prostration. Druggists keep them. All suffering from any of these troubles who write us particulars of complaints, will receive copies free. Few are paid and mailed on receipt of price. For price list, circulars, and testimonials, address HILL BRUSH CO., Reading, Mass. 5decw

Temperance Department.

THERE ARE NO COLORS TO PAINT IT.
BY MARY J. KEYS.

"A tramp!" Mrs. King exclaimed to herself as she answered a knock at her back door. "Do you want this pile of wood sawed, ma'am?" inquired the stranger. The lady hesitated. She wanted the wood sawed but she hardly wanted to give the work to a tramp; but he pleaded so piteously, begging to be allowed just to cut enough of the wood to pay for a breakfast, that she consented. The work was well done and the tramp found himself partaking of the generous meal spread for him in Mrs. King's kitchen. He seemed anxious to give the impression that he had seen better days. Mrs. King was busy about her household duties and gave but little attention to his story; besides he was a tramp and she had little faith that he would tell the truth about himself. In snatches she gathered that he had been born into a home of plenty, that he had been well educated, had acquired wealth and been comfortably settled in a house of his own in the city, that he had been engaged in different occupations, one of which was an engraver of cards, and that he was a skilled workman. To the question how his fortunes became so changed the reply was "city life and dissipation." To test the truthfulness of the tramp's story Mrs. King conceived the idea of asking for his autograph, as he had said he could do any thing with a pen. Casting about for some place for the name she thought of her temperance album with the temperance pledge upon each page. She was a large hearted woman; her sympathies were touched. Could he be saved? He might, but there was only one way; if he would sign the pledge and keep it. With a prayer in her heart she placed the book before him. A strange, hard expression came over the tramp's face as his eyes rested upon the pledge. "If you get me to sign that," he said, "you will do what no other person ever did." Mrs. King was in earnest, and the desire in her heart to reach and save a human soul had touched that soul to its very depths. His past life; all he had been, what he had become, seemed to be revealed to him as with a lightning flash. The features were convulsed, the frame quivered with agony as he bitterly cried: "Lost to society, an outcast; there are no colors to paint it; I wish there were, lady; I wish I could make you see it, but I cannot; I can only give you the theory, you can have no idea of the reality." Mrs. King spoke words of hope and encouragement. A new light came into his face. He grasped the pen and with a firm hand wrote his name under the pledge. We wish we could place a fac-simile of it here with its beauty and artistic finish. It seemed to be done with a single stroke of the pen. And yet with this ability and skill he had become a miserable tramp, reduced to any menial service to keep himself from starvation, and all by his own folly. It was the social glass with gay companions. "Once I had the means to help others," he said, "and last night I slept out of doors with only a pine tree for shelter. I was cold." The beginning of all this was the social glass and from that the breaking away from moral restraints, the forsaking of the company of the good; loss of manhood, loss of influence, till he had become an outcast from society; a condition that in his bitter and terrible sense of its reality he could find no colors deep enough and dark enough to paint. Would that there were colors, to paint for every young man when he takes his first glass what the end will be, so plain that he would be persuaded to stop, while it was only a picture, and be saved the experience of the terrible reality, which there are no colors to paint.

The tramp went on his way. Mrs. King could only follow him with her prayers, that grace might be given him to keep the pledge and be saved.

Moderation describes neither quality nor strength. The system of moderate drinking is as unfathomable as the abyss, and uncertain as the wind. It is the great deceiver of nations; promising health and long life, yet destroying more by its tendencies than war, famine, or the plague. It is a sweet morsel in the mouth, but gravel in the belly. It is the A B C of drinking; the picture-book book, leading the young and thoughtless to the worst lessons of intemperance. It is a regular quack medicine, making splendid promises, but performing no cures, and yet demanding enormous pay. It is the starting-point to the work house, the prison, the asylum, the gazette, and the gallows. It is a light-angled gentleman, who feels every corner of the draw, and the very bottom of the purse. It is the first step in an inclined plane of rapid descents, smooth as marble, and slippery as glass, ending in an abyss of ruin. It is a beautiful serpent, whose fangs and deadly venom are concealed by the dazzling of its coils. It is hypocrisy personified, who seduced outside sobriety, while all

is agitation and uncleanness within. It is the landlord's birdlime, by which he secures his victims, and fastens them in his cage. It is the entrance to a delightful avenue, lined with deceitful flowers, charmed by bewitching sounds, but ending in the caverns of the dead. It is an ignis fatuus, tempting its fated followers over trembling bogs, and tumbling them down a frightful precipice. It is the whirlpool of ruin in which thousands have sunk to rise no more. It appears as an angel of light, assuming a smiling countenance, but it is in reality a demon of the bottomless pit. It is like a perpetual dropping, injuring man's constitution far more than occasional drunkenness. It is the birthday and birthplace of all the drunkenness we have in the land. It provides an army of reserve to recruit the ranks of the sixty thousand annually slain by strong drink. It is the bond of union betwixt the publicans, drunken politicians, little-drop ministers, and all enemies to the cause of teetotalism.

The February (Midwinter) number of the Century, will be the largest edition ever published, and will contain, beside the notable article of Gen. Grant on Shiloh, a new novel by Henry James, entitled "The Bostonians," which introduces the reader to a characteristic group of the "strong minded" of both sexes. Mr. Howell's descriptive papers, entitled "A Florentine Mosaic," are begun in this number with illustrations by Pennell. A timely and spirited article is Dr. Beers' paper on "Canada as a Winter Resort," finely illustrated. The short story of the number is a long story by Mark Twain, entitled "Royalty on the Mississippi," with Kemble's humorous illustrations. Mr. Stedman writes about Dr. Holmes in his critical series on the American poets; Mr. Stillman has a brief illustrated paper on Dutch Portraiture. In the "Topics of the Time" are discussed some practicable political reforms, the condition of the stage, the "bloody shirt," etc. The "Open Letter" department is omitted on account of the presence of war material. The highly interesting war series by prominent generals are continued, the sketch this month is one looked forward to for some time as it is by Gen. Grant on a subject he is highly competent to write graphically about.

St. Nicholas for February opens with the first chapters of a new serial by E. P. Roe. It tells how a family in moderate circumstances was driven from the confinement of a city "flat" to the freedom of a country farm. Another prominent and valuable feature is Gail Hamilton's "English kings in a nutshell." The author has given, in easy flowing verse, a comprehensive view of all the English sovereigns, profusely illustrated. Nora Perry is the first to contribute to the "Garden of Girls" series. The story is entitled "Tyrant Tacy," and is a charmingly written story. There is also a bright little Masque, or "Miracle play." The idea is novel and bids fair to be popular. Palmer Cox tells in his inimitable pictures and verses the story of the "Brownies' return" to their native land; "Ralph's winter carnival" tells of a boy's visit to the winter carnival at Montreal; and W. T. Peters and Margaret Johnson are contributors of bright valentine verses. In the serials,—"Dave and the goblin" visit Robinson Crusoe,—"His one fault" causes Mr. Trowbridge's hero to fall into more trouble,—"Mr. Stockton takes his 'Personally conducted' party to the queer

burial ground of Genoa,—Edmund Alton imparts some more of what he absorbed "Among the law-makers,"—and we learn about Marullo in Mrs. Clement's "Stories of art and artists."

Thousands say so. Dr. Graves' heart regulator will give relief. All forms of heart disease, nervousness and sleeplessness yield to its use. \$1.00 per bottle. Free pamphlet of F. E. Lugalle, Cambridge, Mass.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

HARRY L. ALDERMAN,
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City.

Can be consulted upon the diseases of Domestic Animals and Veterinary Surgery at residence or hospital.

EAST LEXINGTON.
TELEPHONE 6830. POST OFFICE BOX 1. 100ctly

Ladies' Medical Adviser.

A Complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment AT HOME. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. POSTPAID ONLY 50 Cents. Postal Note or 2-ct. Stamps. Address NUNDA PUBLISHING CO., Nunda, N. Y.

FALL RIVER LINE FOR New York, South and West.

THIS IS THE ONLY DAILY SOUND LINE.

SPECIAL STEAMER EXPRESS leaves Boston from Old Colony Railroad station, week days at 6 P. M., Sundays at 7 P. M., connecting at Fall River, in 35 minutes, with the superb steamers "PILGRIM" and "PROVIDENCE." Tickets and staterooms for sale at the office of the line, 3 Old State House, Boston, and at the Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK,
General Manager, Boston.
L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House, Boston.

FREIGHT.—This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates always as low as other lines. 13June3m

NATURE'S REMEDY Vegetine THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

BEAR IN MIND
that when your blood becomes impure the safe guard against serious illness is to at once resort to some reliable purifier. Long experience with Vegetine proves beyond question that it is the best blood purifier known.

DON'T ALLOW BLOTCHES
and pimples to disfigure you when there is a positive cure to be had in the timely use of Vegetine.

REST AND SLEEP
are indispensable, would you enjoy sound health. Its controlling influence over the nervous system, has made VEGETINE a blessing to thousands. Nervous sufferers will find sure relief in Vegetine.

NEVER GIVE UP
however serious your case, whether of Scrofula, Liver or Kidney Complaint, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood until you have given Vegetine a thorough trial. It is a remedy for just this class of diseases and in numerous cases, which all efforts have failed to reach, it has proved to be of great efficacy.

BOSTON BRANCH

TEA & GROCERY HOUSE,

Main Street, Lexington.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL.

The people of Lexington and vicinity will be pleased to learn that Groceries can now be purchased AT HOME as cheaply as in BOSTON.

Please Give us a Call.

WE AIM TO SUPPLY EVERY DEMAND OF A
FIRST CLASS TRADE AT

BOTTOM PRICES.

Boston Directory.

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

Miscellaneous.

PARKER & WOOD,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
49 North Market Street, Boston.

BOYLSTON M. Insurance Co.,
30 Kilby Street, Boston.

FAY, WILSON W. & CO.,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,
7 State Street, Boston.

KERN & FITCH,
CONVEYANCERS,
23 Court Street, Room 51 to 54, Boston.

KENISON, DR. P.,
CHIROPDIST,
15 Temple Place, Boston.

LUMBER,
WM. H. WOOD & CO.,
Broadway and Third Street, Cambridgeport.

WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.,
Isaac Sweetser, Pres. A. W. Damon, Sec.
33 State Street, Boston.

WOOD BROTHERS,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

Men's Goods.

DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY,
TAILORS,
Chambers 367 Washington St., Boston.

DYER, J. T. & CO.,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
Bowdoin Square, 19 Green St., Boston.

JACKSON & CO.,
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
59 Tremont street, Boston.

LAMKIN, G. & CO.,
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
28 Tremont Row, Boston.

GOODNOW, W. H.,
HATTER,
10 Hanover Street, Boston.

For the Home.

HOMER, H. H. & CO.,
CROCKERY AND GLASS,
33 Franklin Street, Boston.

CROSBY, FRANKLIN,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTH ETC.,
90 Hanover Street, Boston.

MERRILL, J. S. & SON,
PAPER HANGINGS and Window Shades,
26 and 28 Washington Street, Boston.

CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO.,
CARPENTERS,
33 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

For the Table.

BURT & HARRIS,
BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS,
34 Quincy Market, Boston.

FLOUR,
Agents for Celebrated 1001 Brand,
200 State street, Boston.

FESSENDEN, C. B. & CO.,
FINE GROCERIES, ETC.,
177 Court Street, Boston.

SQUIRE, JOHN P. & CO.,
PORK, LARD, BACON, ETC.,
25 and 27 F. H. Market. 39 and 40 N. Market St.

RICHARDSON, GEO. H. & CO.,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Sq., Boston.

SWAN & FITCH,
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

SWAN & NEWTON,
POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
15 and 30 Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

CALVIN ANDREWS,



Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,
Backman Court, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams furnished. Persons will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

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Lowest Market Prices.

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DEALER IN
COALS, WOOD, HAY,
LIME, CEMENT, Etc.,

YARDS AND OFFICES:
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Orders left at M. Rowe's Grocery Store, Arlington Avenue, and at East Lexington Post Office will receive prompt attention.
Address, P. O. Box 175, Arlington.

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CHARLES GOTT,

Carriage

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—AND—
BLACKSMITH,

Arlington Ave. opp Arlington Hotel, Arlington.

Particular attention paid to

HORSESHOEING.

Has already finished and in course of building.

HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,

SLEIGHS, FUNGS, Etc.

may 17th

NEW FISH MARKET.

We would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington and vicinity, that we have spared no expense in fitting up a neat Fish Market in T. H. Russell's building where, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage. Respectfully,
24Apr-ly W. H. WEBBER & SON.

Menotomy Hall, Arlington TO LET.

Parties desiring the use of Menotomy Hall for Parties, Lectures, Concerts, or other purposes, can be accommodated on application to
THOMAS RODEN,
nov4-3mo No. 6 Bacon Street.

Misses E. & M. A. BALL,

DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS,

Arlington Ave., near Teel Street,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The latest styles and patterns always on hand to show customers. Personal attention to all orders, and satisfaction guaranteed. Special attention to cutting and fitting stylish garments.
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The Housewife's Favorite.

We will send FREE, FOR ONE ENTIRE YEAR, to every lady who sends us AT ONCE the names of ten married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, our handsome, entertaining and instructive Journal, devoted to Fashion, Fancy Work, Decorating, Cooking and Household matters. Regular price, \$1.00. SEND TO-DAY, and secure next number. Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL, Nunda, N. Y.

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Invite the attention of farmers and others requiring water for irrigating purposes and domestic supply, to their

Improved Steam Pumps,

which are

SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION

POSITIVE IN OPERATION.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED, AND AT REASONABLE PRICES

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24Apr-11

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Shop near Whitcher's grain mill.

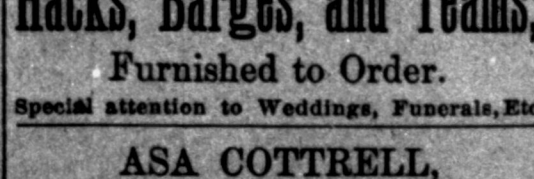
Estimates on Contract Work.

Carpenter work of all kinds.

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Hacks, Barges, and Teams,
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Special attention to Weddings, Funerals, Etc.

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Takes acknowledgment of Deeds and affidavits to be used in other states, and admits to bail in civil and criminal cases.

7 TREMONT ROW, - BOSTON.

Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

Boston & Lowell Railroad.

ON and after JUNE 30, 1884, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station, at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass. at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 6.30, 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR West Somerville at 6.30, 7.05, 9.30, a. m.; 1.35, 4.20, 6.25, 11.30 p. m. Return at 5.30, 7.20, 8.50, a. m.; 12.35, 4.55, 11.30 p. m.

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THE YEAR'S CONSOLATIONS.

When January's cold is here,
And all the days are chill and drear;
When air and earth are thick with snow,
And leaden above and white below,
Then let us, as we face the blast,
Give thanks for blessings in the past,
And lovingly remember
Dear days of sweet September.

When February's sleet and hail
Cause men to shiver and to quail;
When on the ice and through the snow,
Slipping and stumbling mortals go;
Then as we grumble and complain,
Let us, to soothe the biting pain,
Of days so dull and sober,
Remember bright October.

When March is February's heir,
And snow and slush is every where;
When fierce winds hustle us about,
Putting our hopes of spring to rout;
Then, let us sweeten every day
With thoughts of blessings passed away,
And thankfully remember
That golden, fair November.

When April, foster child of March,
Stullen instead of gay and arch,
And giving frowns in place of smiles,
On agony fresh sorrow piles,
Prolonging winter's gloomy reign;
Then let us, as we bear the pain,
Look backward and remember
Bright days of mild December.

—New York Sun.

REBECCA'S PLAN.

"I wouldn't mind losing the money," said gentle Mrs. Orme, "if it wasn't for Clara's music." And she wiped a tear or two from the eyes that were still blue and bright.

"Well, I would, then," said Rebecca, who stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, brandishing her china towel as if it was an aggressive weapon of warfare. "Nobody wants to see their little savings made ducks and drakes of. If you had took my advice, Mrs. Orme, you never would have given it to your city cousin to invest, but kept it in the county bank, where it is safe and sound, even if it didn't draw such a high interest. But you always was foolish about money."

At this Clara Orme fired up, as a dove might resent the attack of some warlike hawk on the maternal nest.

"Rebecca," said she, "be silent! You shall not speak so to mamma."

"Well, isn't it the truth?" said Rebecca.

"Mamma," don't mind her," pleaded Clara, putting both arms around the gentle widow's neck, and laying her velvet cheek against the flushed forehead. "Let the music go. After all, what does a little money signify?"

"Child, you speak like a baby," said Mrs. Orme. "Money means a great deal more than you think."

But nevertheless she was instinctively comforted by the magnetic touch of her child's cheek, the coaxing sweetness of her voice. And although Rebecca, the "hired help," still stood there scolding, the sting had all gone out of her reproofs. Rebecca had lived with them since Clara was a baby. It was her way to scold. And in spite of the sweet sophistry of Clara's excuses Mrs. Orme admitted to herself that Rebecca was more than half right. She never should have given that thousand dollars to her cousin, the city broker, to invest in South Central Pacific when South Central Pacific was running up to such a dazzling figure that everybody hastened to share its splendors.

"What goes up must come down," her old uncle Lemuel had always said, and she should have known that South Central Pacific wasn't "sound." But there was no use crying for spilled milk. The money was gone in the South Central Pacific collapse, and all the city cousin's regrets couldn't bring it back. And after all they didn't mind a little economy, if only it wasn't for Clara's musical education; the lessons from Madam Queechi would have to be stopped now, and how could Clara ever expect to be a great pianist if—

But just then the kitchen door swung open, and little Bell came in, carrying her apron full of wild grapes, with a glory of late sunshine around her, and a fringe of blue aster stuck like deep amethyst plumes in the shabby ribbon of her old straw hat.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, breathlessly, "see what I have got! And there is a city lady down at old Mrs. Nickels's buying all those funny wooden chairs that Peleg was just going to split up into kindling wood, and the broken clock too, and the spinning-wheel up garret."

Mrs. Orme and Rebecca looked at each other with a sudden brightening of their eyes.

"Old furniture, eh?" said Rebecca. "And you was a talkin' of sellin' yourn at auction, to go up to town, and be near the woman that gives lessons to our Clara. It ain't noways likely they'd fetch much at a vendoo sale. Ain't this a good chance for you, Mrs. Orme?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so," said the meek widow, with a doubtful flutter at her heart. "Put on your hat, Rebecca, and go down to Mrs. Nickels's and see what you can do."

"Mamma!" cried Clara, "surely you never will sell the old chairs and bedsteads!"

"My dear, something must be done," said Mrs. Orme, with varying color in her soft face. "It will cost me a pang to part with the old things, but, after all, I deserve to be punished for my folly in that South Central Pacific business, and you know we couldn't do anything with such a lot of old furniture in a city like Hush. Don't make me a coward when I need most to be brave."

But as she sat there in the low-ceiled, brooding old kitchen, with the yellow September glow around her, the vine leaves whispering at the casement, and the locusts winding their tiny bugles in the maple trees outside, it seemed as if all the golden air was full of the ghosts of departed days. Poor Mrs. Orme, the world was very hard to her in these times.

Rebecca presently returned, accompanied by a portly lady elegantly dressed in urban attire, jotted lace, and a scented valley cashmere shawl.

Yes, Mrs. Van Vosselin was buying furniture. She doted on real antiques, indeed—with a simper—she said she was sure that she was crazed on the subject. Had Mrs.—Mrs.—oh, yes,

Mrs. Orme—anything that she wished to part with?

"Yes," said Mrs. Orme, rather abashed by so much splendor; "I am talking of giving up my house here, and I should like to sell the old clock-legged table, and perhaps the hall chair, and the curious carved chairs in the parlor. These last," she added, with modest pride, "are, I believe, quite rare. They were given to my mother, before she was married, by the captain of a Holland trading vessel, who brought them direct from Antwerp, and they have been much admired by artists."

"Oh, indeed?" said Mrs. Vosselin. "But there is so much imposture about those things, you know. However, I don't object to looking at them."

Clara had grown scarlet at the cool insolence of the city lady's tone, but Mrs. Orme smiled deprecatingly as she led the way toward the best parlor. Rebecca expressed her feelings by scrubbing vigorously away at the yellow paint on the window-sill to remove an infinitesimal fly-speck therefrom.

"Up and down sassy, ain't she?" said she.

"I don't see how mamma endures it," cried Clara, tightly clenching her little fist.

"Hard words never yet killed nobody," observed Rebecca, who had the soul of a philosopher within her gaunt form.

Presently Mrs. Van Vosselin and the Widow Orme came back, still debating.

"I'll give you twelve dollars for the four chairs," said Mrs. Van Vosselin. "They are rather pretty in their way, but nothing remarkable. And we'll call the clock, say, ten, and the claw-legged table—claw-legs are really quite common nowadays—eight. Make the lot thirty dollars."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Orme, recoiling, "I could not possibly sell them for that!"

"It's all they are worth," said Mrs. Van Vosselin. "People put an entirely fictitious value upon such things now. And you'll find that no one else will give you such a price for the old rattle-traps."

"Mamma!" pleaded Clara, piteously, laying her hand on Mrs. Orme's arm.

"And," added the remorseless iconoclast, "I have my doubts about their being real antiques after all. People do get so imposed upon in these days. No one knows what to believe."

Mrs. Orme drew herself up. "I don't think you need entertain any scruples on that score," said she. "These articles have been in the Orme family for three-quarters of a century at least."

"Say thirty-two dollars and fifty cents," said Mrs. Van Vosselin. "It's more than they are worth, but I don't like to be hard on reduced ladies."

"I should not be willing to sell them for less than eighty dollars," firmly maintained Mrs. Orme, blushing and uncomfortable.

The city lady turned on her heel. "Mantini himself don't ask such prices," said she. "I think you must be crazy. Good-morning." And she swept out, throwing down the parrot's stand and chair in her way, and dragging the kitten along in the maelstrom of her satin flounces. Rebecca chuckled. Mrs. Orme burst into tears. Clara was absolutely speechless with indignation.

"Now, look here," said Rebecca. "Don't mind 'em. I've got a notion that has just popped into my head. And my notions are sometimes worth something. That there Mantini as she tells about married a second cousin of my stepmother. I'll go and have a talk with him when I'm in town the day after tomorrow. He's a clever chap enough, if it wasn't for his furrin' way of pronouncin' words."

"But, Rebecca," sighed Clara, "what will be the use of it?"

"Wa'l, I don't know," said Rebecca. "You'll see. Or p'raps you won't see. It'll be just as it happens. Nobody can tell which way luck is goin' to jump in this world."

Whether we are glad or sorrowful the inexorable wheel of time revolves just as steadily on its way, and so Mrs. Orme found it in her experience. And almost before she could realize the progress of days and weeks, gray November was upon them with its mists and shadows, and the first snow-flakes came eddying through the air.

Mrs. Orme and Rebecca had been in the city pricing cheap and convenient rooms for the winter. Mrs. Orme was tired out by a succession of battles with the average landlady, and had resigned herself to the pilotage of her faithful deputy, and somehow they are returning to the Grand Central depot by the way of M. Giulio Mantini's "Old Curiosity Emporium" in a shady little street just out of the roar and glitter of upper Broadway.

"Wa'l, I declare if we ain't here, jest in front of Mantini's door!" exclaimed Rebecca. "G'pose we jest step in and see of Mantini has sold that there old furniture of yours? He's had time enough, I'm sure."

Mrs. Orme drew back, with her foot on the threshold.

"Don't let us go in just now," said she, shrinkingly. "There is that Van Vosselin woman standing by the desk."

"What of that?" said Rebecca. "Haven't we as good a right to the use of the store as she has, I'd admire to know?"

Rebecca was the strongest both physically and of will, and so they went in.

Mrs. Van Vosselin recognized them at once, although Mrs. Orme would fain have glided past her unobserved.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she cried, putting her eyeglasses exultingly up. "Well, really, it's quite providential that I met you just now."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Orme, shyly. "I only want you to understand," went on the stout matron in the valley cashmere shawl, "what a very exorbitant rate you put upon those old things of yours up in the backwoods, when I have been buying real treasures, imported no doubt from the wainscoted halls of some old English manor-house, of this excellent and discriminating person," with a movement of her gloved hand toward the proprietor of the establishment.

"At madame's ver' hon'ble airveeance," said M. Mantini, with a profound obeisance.

"They were sent home over half an hour ago," added Mrs. Van Vosselin, "and I have just settled my bill." (At which words M. Mantini gave a second series of salaams.) "But if you will call

at my house, No. 44 Paragon Park, I shall be glad to have my housekeeper show them to you. Perhaps it may be a lesson to you not to be quite so grasping in the future."

And she bustled off to her carriage. "Humph," said Rebecca, looking after her with a curious elevation of the eyebrows. "I guess we haven't time to go to Paragon Park to-day. Wa'l, Mr. Mantini," turning suddenly to the dapper little proprietor of the emporium, "heav you sold them there articles o' virtue that I sent up from Grexbury Hollow?"

"I have, ma' cousin," answered the smiling Frenchman. "Every ar-r-ticle!"

"Eh?" cried Rebecca. "To the same person?"

"V'raiment," bowed Mantini, "to ze vor' elegant miladi who has just made herself depart in zat coupe of ze most ravissant—to Madame Voce-leen, for fur hundred and twenty-five dollaires, of which, wiz your leave, I sell keep ze twenty-five pour la commission."

"Four hundred and twenty-five dollars!" cried Mrs. Orme, with a little gasp of mingled ecstasy and doubt, as she clutched at Rebecca's arm. "But that can't be possible. Didn't you hear her? She said that they were treasures from an old English manor-house!"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as only a Frenchman can.

"As for treasures, c'est ca," said he. "As for ze old Inglaish maison de manoir, it was what madame herself made of remark. I said nozzing—nozzing at all. Was it pour moi to interrupt a lady?"

"Rebecca, I don't understand," said Mrs. Orme. "Does M. Mantini mean to say that Mrs. Van Vosselin has paid him four hundred and twenty-five dollars for the very things that she would not pay me forty dollars for six weeks ago?"

"So far as I can see, that's just the long and short of it," said Rebecca, shrewdly. "And she thinks she's got a bargain, because they came from Mantini's. Good gracious! the folly that a fashionable woman is capable of!"

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," exclaimed Mrs. Orme, with a long breath.

"Nor I," said Rebecca.

And the two women went home rejoicing to carry the good tidings to Clara.

"We can go on with the music lessons now, and not feel extravagant," said Mrs. Orme, exultantly.

"Oh, mamma! but if any one had got the dear old chairs but that Van Vosselin woman!" said Clara.

"What does it matter?" said Rebecca. "The money will pay a year's rent;" for she was of a calculating nature, and was already reducing things to a financial basis. "Yes, yes; I thought I could manage."

While all Mrs. Van Vosselin's friends lifted their hands as they viewed the new possession in Paragon Park, and cried out: "Dear! dear! What exquisite things! And so cheap!"—Bazaar.

Carrying the Electoral Votes to Washington.

The law requires that two certified copies of the electoral vote of each State shall be forwarded to the president of the Senate, one by mail and the other by a messenger, who must come to Washington and deliver it in person before the first Wednesday of the succeeding January. This is to guard against the possibility of accident by which one might fail to reach its destination. The law allows no compensation to these messengers for their time, but pays each of them twenty-five cents per mile for the distance, according to the usual mail route from the capital to his State, the meeting-place of the electors, to Washington. At the treasury writes a Washington correspondent to the Cleveland Herald, more out of curiosity than anything else, I procured from the disbursing clerk the figures below, showing the distance from Washington to the various capitals, and the amount paid to each messenger. The mileage was fixed many years ago, in the days of the stage-coach, and has never been changed. The luckiest man is the Oregon messenger, who receives \$776.50, and the unluckiest the Maryland man, who has to be content with \$10.50.

The distance figures are interesting, conveying as they do a pretty clear idea of the extent of this country of ours. From the capital of Florida to the capital of Oregon by the way of Washington, which is but a little out of the line, is more than four thousand miles—nearly a sixth of the circumference of the globe. The figures are arranged with reference to the distance from Washington:

State.	Capital.	Miles.	Rate.
Maryland.....	Annapolis.....	43	\$10.50
Virginia.....	Richmond.....	116	29.00
Pennsylvania.....	Harrisburg.....	123	30.75
Delaware.....	Dover.....	157	39.25
New Jersey.....	Trenton.....	171	42.75
North Carolina.....	Raleigh.....	300	75.00
Connecticut.....	Hartford.....	340	85.00
West Virginia.....	Charleston.....	353	88.25
New York.....	Albany.....	370	92.50
Rhode Island.....	Newport.....	435	108.75
Massachusetts.....	Boston.....	445	111.25
Ohio.....	Columbus.....	487	121.75
New Hampshire.....	Concord.....	491	122.75
South Carolina.....	Columbia.....	493	123.25
Vermont.....	Montpelier.....	353	88.25
Maine.....	Augusta.....	619	154.00
Indiana.....	Indianapolis.....	644	161.00
Georgia.....	Atlanta.....	654	163.50
Michigan.....	Lansing.....	668	167.00
Tennessee.....	Nashville.....	776	194.00
Alabama.....	Montgomery.....	829	207.25
Illinois.....	Springfield.....	836	209.00
Wisconsin.....	Madison.....	910	227.50
Florida.....	Tallahassee.....	986	246.50
Mississippi.....	Jackson.....	1,016	254.00
Missouri.....	Jefferson City.....	1,019	254.75
Arkansas.....	Little Rock.....	1,070	267.50
Iowa.....	Des Moines.....	1,130	282.00
Louisiana.....	Baton Rouge.....	1,205	301.25
Minnesota.....	St. Paul.....	1,222	305.50
Nebraska.....	Lincoln.....	1,285	321.25
Texas.....	Austin.....	1,573	393.75
Colorado.....	Denver.....	1,708	424.50
Nevada.....	Carson City.....	2,598	649.50
California.....	Sacramento.....	2,629	657.25
Oregon.....	Salem.....	3,103	776.50

The aggregate number of miles traversed by the messengers is 48,874 and the total mileage paid \$3,468.50. The average distance of the thirty-eight capitals from Washington is 891 miles. To bring the 401 electoral votes to Washington costs an average of \$31.12 apiece. Blaine and Logan carried the most remote States, and the cost of bringing their 133 electoral votes was \$3,396.75, an average of \$25.51 each, while the 216 votes for Cleveland and Hendricks cost but \$3,168.75, or \$14.68 each, a small fraction more than half.

He is a great man who has sacrificed everything and any nothing.

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STORIES OF FRONTIER TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

A Big Bullion Robbery—A Bound Operator Frustrates the Designs of a Gang of Train Robbers.

Several old telegraph operators, in the course of a long conversation here, says a Sidney (Neb.) letter, told some of their experiences on the frontier. One of them began by recalling the great bullion robbery at this place. It was at noon, and most of the depot and stage hands had gone across the yards to dinner. As the operator sat in the telegraph office alone two men presented themselves at his door and demanded admittance. Both had revolvers. He jumped up and let them in, and they quickly bound and gagged him. Believing that he was safe, they disappeared and he saw no more of them. As soon as they were out of sight he managed to get to his instrument, and by laying down on the table he found that with one of his hands he could reach the key. It was difficult work, but by degrees he improved his position until finally he raised the Cheyenne office and communicated the fact that a robbery was in progress. The operator at that point kept him posted as to the proceedings there, and in a few minutes he was gratified to hear the intelligence ticked over the wires that the superintendent and a party of detectives were en route for Sidney on a special train. The distance was 102 miles, but the run was made so rapidly that the people of the town were hardly aware of the robbery before the train dashed in. The operator had by that time been released, and it was found that the thieves, who had been secreted under the depot, had come up through a hole in the floor made by removing a board. The bullion weighed about five hundred pounds, and as it was thought that they could not have carried it far, a vigorous search was made near at hand. Before night the greater part of the gold was found in a hole under the depot, and the remainder was discovered in an adjoining coal-shed, where it had been dropped. The thieves got away with only about \$13,000 in currency.

Another operator remarked that he was the man who discovered the Ogallala train robbery. He was in charge of the little office at Kearney. He had had a very stupid afternoon, and as the day was miserable without he dozed more or less. As no one came in he leaned forward, placing his arms on his table and his head upon them.

"I must have slept soundly for awhile," he said, "for I lost myself entirely for an hour or two, but presently I had an indistinct impression that some one was calling for assistance. In my dream it seemed to me I could hear the cry, 'Help! help!' and that I was powerless to render any assistance. Finally I sat bolt upright, with a nervous feeling as if something terrible had happened which I ought to have prevented. I rubbed my eyes and looked around sleepily. The depot was empty. It was dark outside and rain was falling. I stepped to the door and looked out for a minute, but heard nothing. Then I went back to my desk, filled and lighted my pipe and began to read. My eyes had just fallen on the page when my instrument sounded once or twice very feebly. I looked at it closely. It ticked again almost inaudibly. 'Something's the matter,' thought I. I got up, leaned over the sounder and listened. I could just catch the faintest click, as if a child might have been playing with a key somewhere. While I listened I began to comprehend the nature of the message that was being sent. I could not catch all the letters, but I got enough, after listening to it a dozen times, to make out this much: 'Ogalalla! Help! help!' It flashed upon me at once. The overland train was being robbed or had been robbed. I grabbed my key and let everybody have it from Cheyenne to Omaha. There was some lively telegraphing there for a time. They sent engines out from two or three points and got to Ogallala in time to scare the robbers off. You see I was a good deal further off than a dozen other operators, but somehow I was the first one that caught on. The way it happened was this. The robbers came into the depot at Ogallala about an hour before train time and bound and gagged the operator. After they got him fixed they sat around and waited. When the train drew up they left him, and he immediately got himself in a position where he could use the key a little. The boys who saw him say it is a mystery how he ever did it. His legs were tied twice, and his arms were pinioned behind him so that it was almost impossible to move even his fingers. The fact that I could not catch two consecutive letters until I had heard the message ten or twelve times shows how faint the stroke was. It was the queerest experience of my life."

Fate of a Chinese Parricide.

Just outside the west gate of Shan-shan, a small hamlet where lived an old man and his son. The latter made it a practice of calling upon his father for cash whenever he was in want of it, until the thing got rather monotonous for the father, who remonstrated with his son, and being saucily replied to, the father attempted to apply "paternal correction" on his son; the son in rage then caught hold of the door bar and brought it down with such force upon the father's skull that he cracked it and killed the old man. The neighbors hearing the row assembled at the door of the house where the murder was committed and captured the son as he was endeavoring to escape. The members of the father's clan were then called together, and at a solemn convocation it was decided to administer on the spot the law set aside for parricides. Instead of appealing to the magistrate, which invariably causes much delay, and perhaps the murderer might effect his escape in the meantime. So the parricide was bound hand and foot, and just without the hamlet a hole was dug, and the wretched murderer consigned to its depths. The mud was thrown into the hole and the members of the clan stamped by turns on the grave until it was level with the ground, and so without leaving a mound or any mark to point out the parricide's grave, the assembled crowd dispersed silently to their daily avocations. The above occurred not a week ago.—Oriental Empire.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Muffs and bonnets must match.

Some of the new fashions have amber handles.

Embroidered handkerchiefs are no longer fashionable.

In Siam it is the custom for husbands to gamble away their wives.

Lace and hemstitching are the trimmings for dressy handkerchiefs.

Underskirts are made very full in the back, to supply the bustle effect.

Fans composed of ostrich feathers in two colors are very pretty in effect.

Gold jewelry is gradually but surely finding its way to popular favor again.

There are forty-eight women in Dakota holding the position of bank cashiers.

An Indian girl, fourteen years of age, is the "boss" breadmaker at Lewiston, Idaho.

The latest French fashion is to notify the guests at country houses whom they are to meet.

Mrs. Mary L. Leonard has been admitted to the bar as the first female lawyer in Washington Territory.

There are at present seventy women in France who have received the distinction of the cross of the Legion of Honor.

A Jersey City girl is at work on a crazy quilt composed of small pieces clipped from the silk linings of her many admirers' overcoats.

Balls of hammered silver are used to head the long pins thrust through the crown of the bonnet, converting them into articles of luxury.

Tying the bonnet strings in the back of the neck is the device adopted for the sake of warmth by girls without fur collars or fur-trimmed garments.

There may be women who do not wish to be married; but has the been a woman who could take comfort in the thought that she had never been asked to marry?

Five hundred dollars for a pair of shoes seems a high price, but it has been paid by one of the society belles of New York. They were of white satin, and were embroidered with pearls.

English brides refuse to wear long trained wedding robes, saying they do not care to look like dowagers at their own weddings, where they propose to dance in a demi-trained dancing dress.

It is not fashionable to wear light colors at a French wedding, unless one is a kinswoman of the bride. A rich visiting dress, with a very costly little mantle, is what the most elegant women wear.

Chenille, dotted and embroidered tulle and tulle with designs in tinsel and floss, are much used with evening dresses of the delicate pongee and India silks and for the draperies of satins and gros grain silks.

The full, puffed sleeve, not nearly as pretty in itself as the French coat sleeve, looks beautiful by comparison with the jersey, with which it is most often thrown into contrast, and it conceals the arms to perfection.

It is prophesied that mignonette green will be the color most in favor for light gowns next summer. It is so exquisitely delicate in appearance that it always seems especially appropriate for the warm season, and if properly blended with scarlet even brunettes can wear it. As for blondes, there is nothing more becoming to the soft pinkness of their cheeks and to the gold of their hair.

In Northern Siberia when a young man thinks he wants to marry a young woman he arranges to pay a certain sum to her father. Half of this sum he pays down and lives with the family of his lady love for a year. If, at the end of that time, he still wants her, he pays the other half of the sum agreed upon and gets her. If he doesn't want her he says so and loses the installment which he first paid.

At a golden wedding in New York the florist who decorated the rooms chose to use yellow blossoms, and produced a brilliant effect. The bay window was filled with ferns, butter-cup carnations and sunset roses, and yellow chrysanthemums and golden ferns were banked everywhere. Two hearts in pearl roses were hung over one of the arched doors, and the newest post was twined with yellow flowers.

Expensive Alderney Milk.

Mr. Webster was favorably impressed with turnip culture, and believed that it might be profitably introduced into Massachusetts, notwithstanding the high price of labor. He endeavored to introduce English and Scotch husbandry to some extent on his farm at Marshfield, beginning by keeping large numbers of cattle and sheep. His farm at Franklin was cultivated in the old New Hampshire style, and he was very fond of making comparisons between the two. He had some of the products of his farm sent to Washington, and his blazing black eyes would gleam with joy, while a smile of satisfaction would light up his swarthy face, as he would ask a guest at the dinner-table to boiled mutton of his own raising, with potatoes and turnips of his own growth.

What such a dinner cost him he never explained, but he must have been somewhat like Mr. Alvin Adams, who accumulated fortune in the express business, and who said to some friends who visited him at a magnificent estate which he owned near Boston. "Gentlemen, shall I give you a glass of Alderney milk or of champagne; the cost to me is about the same."—Boston Budget.

If we would avoid moral intolerance, we must cultivate our imagination, widen our sympathies, search for excellence rather than defects, and give a generous and ready honor to those virtuous qualities which we ourselves lack, and which, from habit, we have come to esteem lightly.

Is It Really Consumption?

Many a case supposed to be radical lung disease is really one of liver complaint and indigestion, but, unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will so clog the lungs with corrupting matter as to bring on their speedy decay, and then indeed we have consumption, which is a curable of the lungs in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily calculated to nip this danger in the bud than Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

Twenty years ago the Danes imported nearly all their sugar. Now they raise it from beets.

Physicians prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

(Correspondence)
WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1885

Last week was one of surprises in Congress. Without any warning, the ex-President of the ex-Confederate States was the subject of an acrimonious debate that commanded a good deal of attention. This controversy was brought on by an opposition to Senator Hawley's resolution asking that the President furnish the Senate with the statement recently filed in the War Department by Gen. Sherman, concerning Jefferson Davis' policy. Several Democratic Senators maintained that Jefferson was loyal to his cause, honorable and patriotic. As many Republican Senators pronounced him a conspirator and traitor, and commented, in sarcastic terms, upon the spectacle of men who had been relieved of their political disabilities, and who had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, landing Jeff. Davis as a patriot. The time may come when the constitutional aspects of the late rebellion can be considered as calmly as the historical relationship of England to Scotland, but statesmen cannot yet discuss these questions without passion. The general remark of visitors in the galleries, even of those who listened with deep interest in the debate, was that the Senate could occupy the few remaining weeks of the session with more profitable and timely themes than the Davis-Sherman controversy.

The prompt passage of the new bill to retire Gen. Grant by the Senate, and the tribute paid to his magnanimity at the close of the war by Southern Senators, was another unexpected episode in the week's doings. Senator Gibson said, as a Senator from Louisiana he felt incumbent on him to vote for the bill in order to show the good will and sympathy of the state for General Grant. The Junior Senator from Mississippi voted for the bill because he thought the people desired its passage. He had made a covenant with himself that on all questions that did not affect the honor of his people he would vote exactly as if he had worn the federal instead of the confederate uniform. And Senator Voorhees also recalled the fact that when Secretary Stanton wanted to arrest and imprison Gen. Lee after the surrender, Gen. Grant had told Stanton that Lee was a paroled prisoner, and that not a hair of his head should be molested. There were only nine dissenting votes to the bill.

While military heroes, war issues, measures, reminiscences and scenes were being revived and discussed, news came of the death of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the man who had wielded the Speaker's and Vice-President's gavel during those stormy times of reconstruction. While his remains lay in state at Chicago the Senate adjourned through respect to his

The House of Representatives surprised everybody by undertaking to day some old debts. The French spoliation claims came up and passed. The history of these claims begins with the Revolutionary war. The bill for their adjustment passed the Senate before the holidays; so, as it only awaits the President's signature, the ancient score is in a fair way to be settled.

Representatives who favor the passage of a bankrupt bill say they can do nothing with it this session because the Congressmen from New York city cannot be kept in their seats when there is a chance to take up this important measure.

The Senate talks about the Nicaraguan treaty with its doors locked. Some days it spends three hours in these secret discussions. Senator Miller, of California, opened the debate in favor of the treaty, and Senator Sherman followed in opposition. Both gentlemen being Republicans, this shows that it is not to be made a party question and that it will be carefully debated.

The inauguration committee has discovered that Washington can be so arranged as to accommodate the rest of the civilized world during March third and fourth and make every body comfortable and happy. The hotels and boarding houses are wonderfully elastic. The ware rooms and stores and public halls are all to be utilized for lodging visitors, and now the department corridors are to be secured for sheltering them. The station houses will be open as usual, and yet possibilities are not nearly exhausted.

Pennsylvania avenue is to be illuminated on the night of March fourth with colored globes, placed at short intervals. Electric lights were deemed inadvisable, because their glare would destroy the effect of fireworks. Long ago speculators secured window space along the avenue, and it is said one dollar per capita will be asked for a view of the procession from such vantage ground.

NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 16, 1885.

If any one thing has pleased the visitor more than another, it is old "King Kotton" and his wife. It is a good representation of a centenarian couple. They are constructed as human figures, almost life like, sitting close together, he seemingly reflecting over the past, while a little dog looks wistfully at its master; she quietly knitting, a kitten is toying on the floor with the ball of yarn which has rolled from the venerable dame's lap. Everything is cotton except the spectacles which the two old people wear. They are in a glass case located in the Louisiana section, government building, and are the ar-

tistic work of W. E. Robert, of this city.

Arkansas challenges the whole exhibit to excel her in the display of fruit. California will doubtless take up the gauntlet for \$5,000.

With the completion of the stables live stock is daily received and duly installed. An examination of fat cattle was held last week and premiums awarded.

Chihuahua, Mexico sends to the exposition a pyramid of silver bullion weighing 5,640 pounds and valued at \$114,000.

The financial condition of the exposition has been a little cramped by the extensive but necessary outlays of money ever since the opening. It was hoped fair weather would prevail, and if such had been the case, it was reckoned enough gate money would have been taken in to liquidate the debt; but it was otherwise. Consequently a mass meeting was called Thursday night to devise ways and means to secure about \$300,000, which would square all accounts now due, and help pay running expenses without drawing on the gate receipts. Major Burke, on behalf of the finance committee, explained the condition of affairs, and added that the citizens of New Orleans could not and would not let the matter go by default, in a city worth its hundreds of millions. A committee was appointed whose first official act was to head the subscription list with \$25,000, their individual contribution. They will report the results of their efforts to-night. Even if the money should not all be raised, the exposition, which is itself a success beyond all cavil, will continue to attract, and the people will come and attest by their presence it is all, and more, too, than has been said.

Last Sunday was the first Sabbath religious services have been dispensed with in Music Hall since the exposition opened.

The public is familiar with the noted lawsuits of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines against the cities of Baltimore and New Orleans involving millions of dollars, whereby she gained her points to be put off by appeals, the cases yet pending. This venerable lady died in this city Friday night, aged 78 years. She leaves six grandchildren heirs to her estate, if the courts ever decide favorably thereon, though she had no tangible property at her death. Her son-in-law, J. Y. Christmas, of Warrenton, N. C., was with her during her last moments on earth.

Premiums were awarded some of the fat cattle on exhibition here Thursday. They were weighed and examined minutely.

New Orleans is one of the greatest ports of the United States through which the flood tide of immigration is likely to flow in future. An immigration from Europe has centered here since the first French settlement. Attracted by consanguinity and by language, many of the sons of France who seek a foreign shore, find themselves irresistibly attracted by that city looking out on the tropics that bears for name that which draws to mind *la pucelle d'Orleans*, the renowned Joan of Arc. The original French settlement is thus being continually added to, and despite its American nationality those of France look upon it as an outpost of that country beyond the sea. Hence, France, and Spain also, which too has contributed of its blood to build it up, Italy, and Continental Europe as a whole, will be attracted hither as they could by no other American city.

President Arthur, having signified his intention of visiting the exposition on or about the middle of February, preparations will be made to receive him in state.

The necessity for an accurate and reliable guide to the city and exposition grounds has been supplied by Theo. Pohlmann, who issues a very handsome guide book containing also a map of the city and street railways, costing but fourteen cents by mail. It is worth three times the price asked, and is perfectly reliable.

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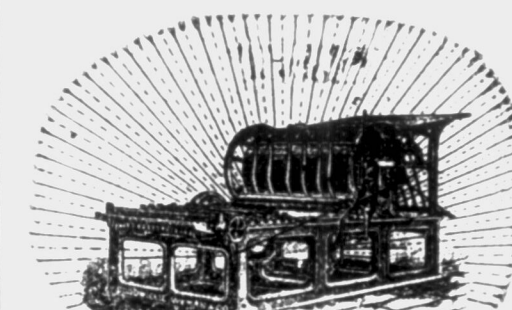
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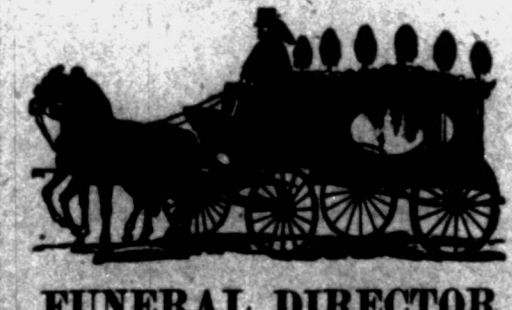
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